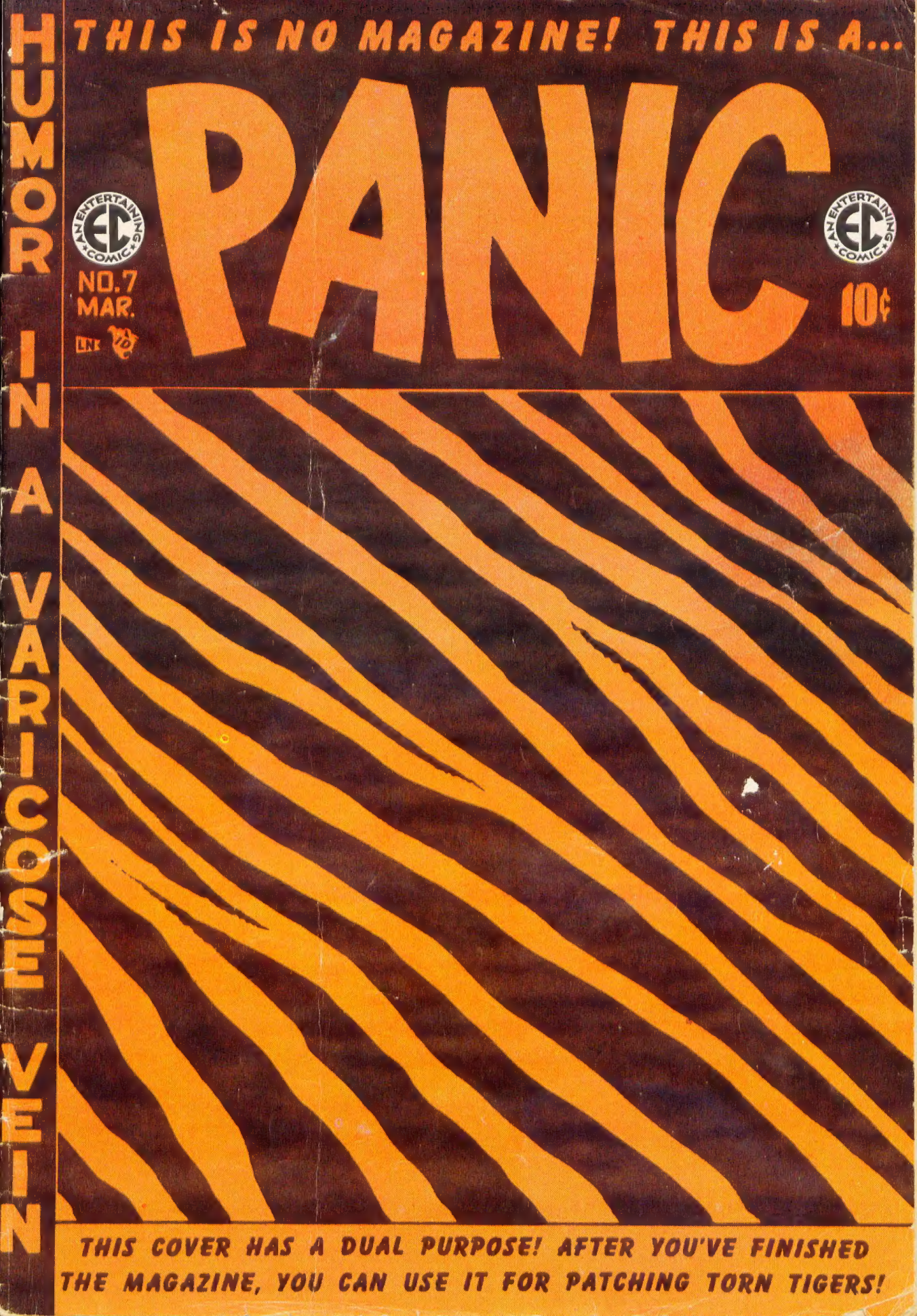
HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN
THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...
PANIC
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NO. 7
MAR.
10¢
THIS COVER HAS A DUAL PURPOSE! AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED THE MAGAZINE, YOU CAN USE IT FOR PATCHING TORN TIGERS!

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IT'S TRUE I BOUGHT THE LAST MAD ON THE NEWS-STAND, BUT THEY STILL HAVE A COPY OF PANIC WHICH IS PRACTICALLY THE SAME AS MAD!

HOWEVER, IF PANIC ISN'T AVAILABLE EITHER, WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE? SEND MONEY TO US:

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES CHECKED BELOW FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE $1.00 PER TITLE (FOR 8 ISSUES PER TITLE).

PANIC ☐ MAD ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _ STATE _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

CLEAN LIVING, NON-SMOKING, NON-DRINKING COMIC CHARACTERS DEPT. (VIRTUE CONQUERS ALL IN THE TENTH ROUND DIVISION): AND IN *THIS* CORNER, LAYDEES AND GENTULMUN, THAT *EXPONENT* OF *100% AMERICANISM*... THAT SHINING EXAMPLE OF THE *"BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS, DUMB KIDS, AND LITTLE OLD LADIES" SCHOOL*... THAT *UNGRAMMATICAL PARAGON OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT*...

MEL PADOOKA

GHOSTED BY THE ASSISTANT TO THAT GREAT NAME-DROPPER HAMBONE FISHEAD

STILL MEN'S GYM
NO WAITING! OUR MOTTO: OLD FIGHTERS NEVE DIE— THEY TAKE UP WRESTLING!!

LEARN TO BOX - ORANGES, EARS: GUARANTEED TO WIN FIRST FIGHT. YOUR OPPONENT— A 9 YR. OLD GIRL.

ACNE SUPER MARKET

PAF

BOY! MEL AIN'T *LET UP* ON THAT OL' BAG F'R *TREE HOURS* NOW! JIST LOOKIT 'IM *SMACK* DAT 'OL BAG *AROUN'!*

BETTER TAKE IT *EASY*, MEL. DAT OL' BAG CAN'T *TAKE* MUCH MORE!

SHADOW BOXING

12 FT. HEADROOM

B. ELDER

YOU AIN'T JUST A-WHISTLIN' DIXIE, BOYS! GI'ME MY *MUNNIE* AN' LE'ME GO BACK T' THE *'HOME'!*

LISSUN, NOBBY! I WISHT YEW'D FINE ME A *NOTHER* SPARRIN' PARTNER. YEW *KNOW* HOW I FEEL ABOUT PUNCHIN' LI'L OL' *LADIES!*

GOLDEN GLOVES

MY FIRST MATCH- MARRIAGE LICENSE.

KID GLOVES

EV'RY TIME I *KIN-NECT*, IT RAISES A *LUMP* IN MY T'ROAT!

I HATE T' *TELL* YUH WHERE IT RAISES LUMPS ON *ME*, SONNY BOY!

TROUBBLE WIT *YEW* IS, YER *SOFT*, MEL! YEW GOTTA BE *HARD* IF YEW WANNA *LAST* IN DIS BIZNISS!

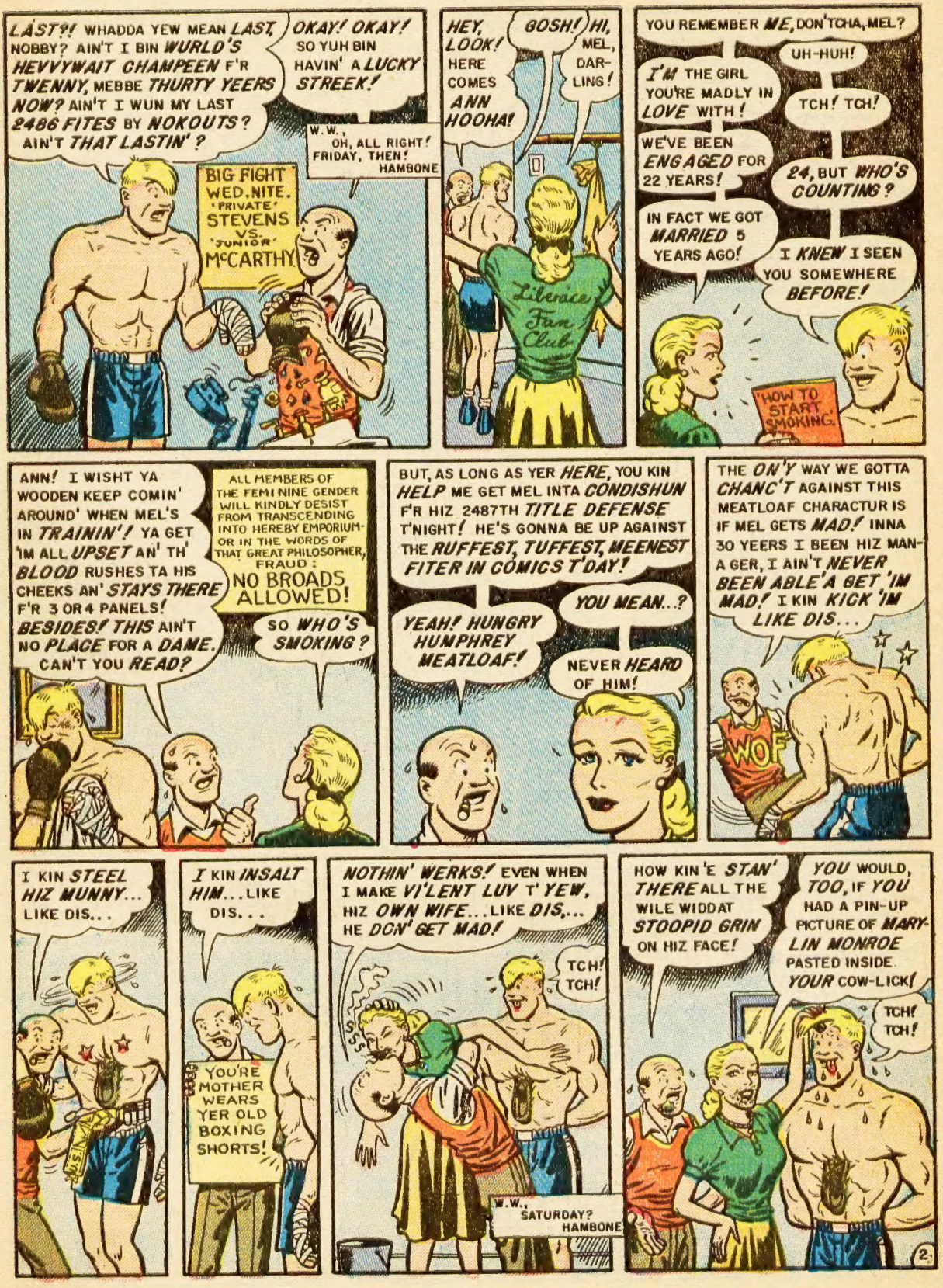
ROCKY STON

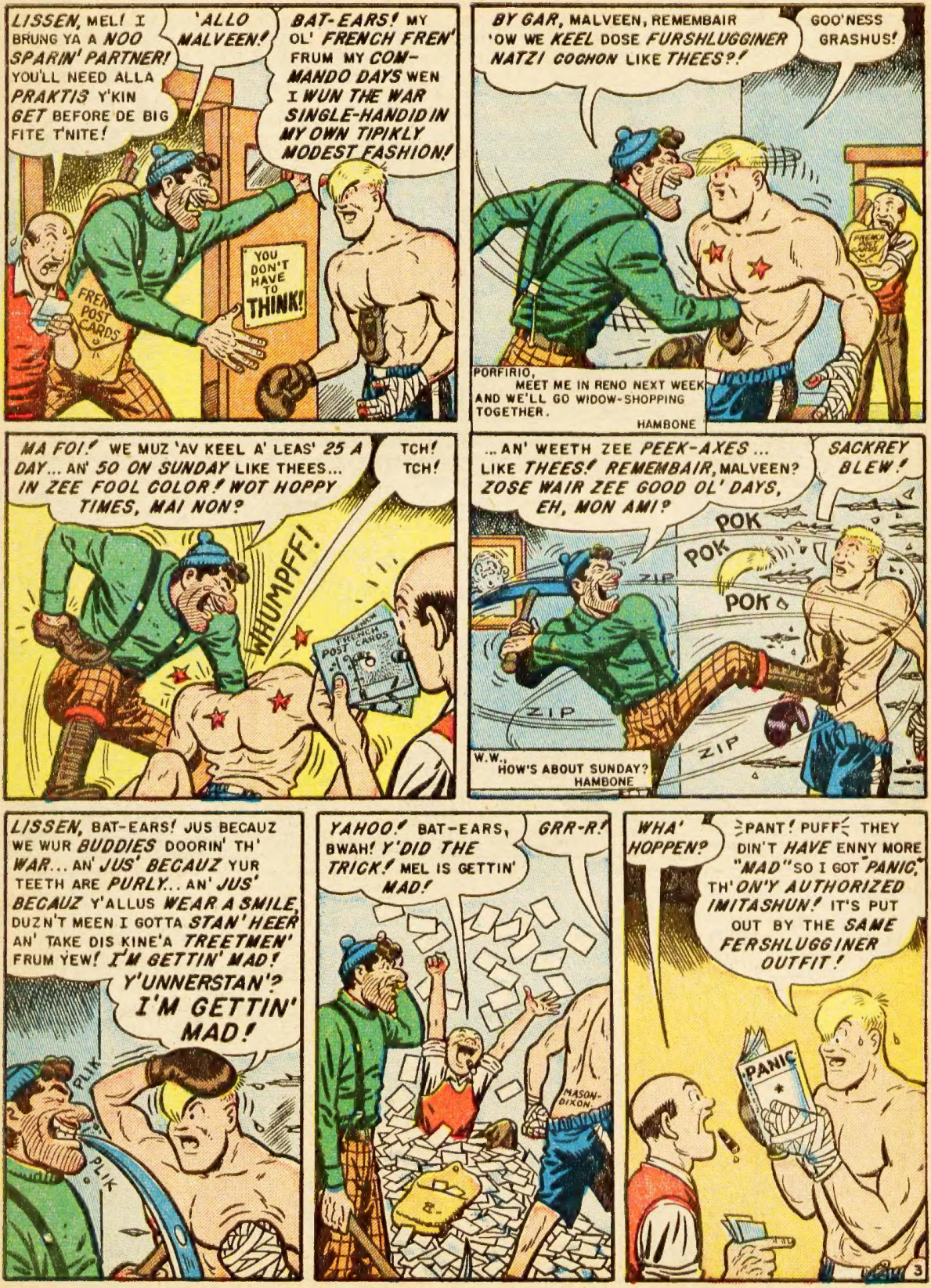
FAMOUS BOXER

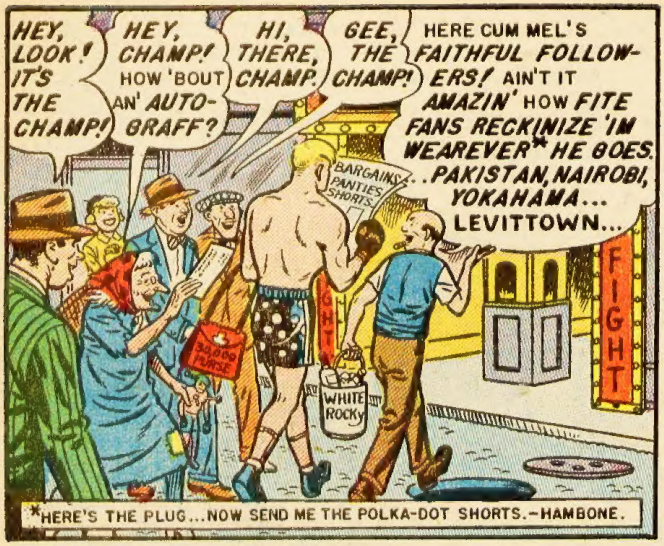
FAMOUS BOXER

HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR BLADES

W.W., HOW ABOUT LUNCH AT THE STORK CLUB ON THURSDAY? HAMBONE

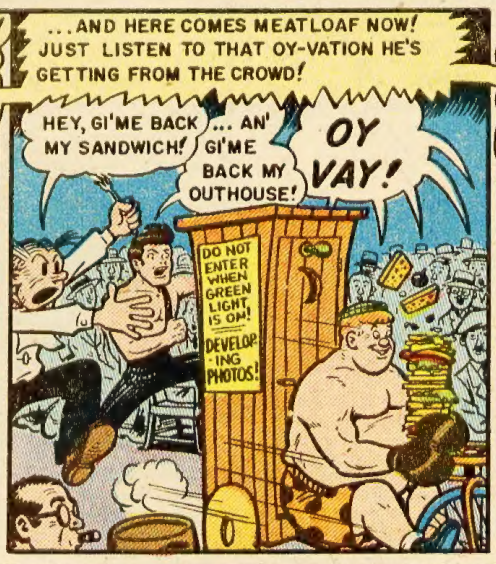

LAST?! WHADDA YEW MEAN LAST, NOBBY? AIN'T I BIN WURLD'S HEVVYWAIT CHAMPEEN F'R TWENNY, MEBBE THURTY YEERS NOW? AIN'T I WUN MY LAST 2486 FITES BY NOKOUTS? AIN'T THAT LASTIN'?
OKAY! OKAY! SO YUH BIN HAVIN' A LUCKY STREEK!
BIG FIGHT WED. NITE. 'PRIVATE' STEVENS VS. 'JUNIOR' McCARTHY
W.W., OH, ALL RIGHT! FRIDAY, THEN! HAMBONE
HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES ANN HOOHA!
GOSH! HI, MEL, DARLING!
Liberace Fan Club
YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'TCHA, MEL?
UH-UHI
I'M THE GIRL YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH!
TCH! TCH!
WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR 22 YEARS!
24, BUT WHO'S COUNTING?
IN FACT WE GOT MARRIED 5 YEARS AGO!
I KNEW I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE!
'HOW TO START SMOKING'
ANN! I WISHT YA WOODEN KEEP COMIN' AROUND' WHEN MEL'S IN TRAININ'! YA GET 'IM ALL UPSET AN' TH' BLOOD RUSHES TA HIS CHEEKS AN' STAYS THERE F'R 3 OR 4 PANELS! BESIDES! THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FOR A DAME. CAN'T YOU READ?
ALL MEMBERS OF THE FEMININE GENDER WILL KINDLY DESIST FROM TRANSCENDING INTO HEREBY EMPORIUM- OR IN THE WORDS OF THAT GREAT PHILOSOPHER, FRAUD: NO BROADS ALLOWED!
SO WHO'S SMOKING?
BUT, AS LONG AS YER HERE, YOU KIN HELP ME GET MEL INTA CONDISHUN F'R HIZ 2487TH TITLE DEFENSE T'NIGHT! HE'S GONNA BE UP AGAINST THE RUFFEST, TUFFEST, MEENEST FITER IN COMICS T'DAY!
YEAH! HUNGRY HUMPHREY MEATLOAF!
YOU MEAN...?
NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
THE ON'Y WAY WE GOTTA CHANC'T AGAINST THIS MEATLOAF CHARACTUR IS IF MEL GETS MAD! INNA 30 YEERS I BEEN HIZ MANAGER, I AIN'T NEVER BEEN ABLE'A GET 'IM MAD! I KIN KICK 'IM LIKE DIS...
WOF
I KIN STEEL HIZ MUNNY... LIKE DIS...
I KIN INSALT HIM... LIKE DIS...
YOU'RE MOTHER WEARS YER OLD BOXING SHORTS!
NOTHIN' WERKS! EVEN WHEN I MAKE VI'LENT LUV T' YEW, HIZ OWN WIFE... LIKE DIS,... HE DON' GET MAD!
TCH! TCH!
W.W., SATURDAY? HAMBONE
HOW KIN 'E STAN' THERE ALL THE WILE WIDDAT STOOPID GRIN ON HIZ FACE!
YOU WOULD, TOO, IF YOU HAD A PIN-UP PICTURE OF MARYLIN MONROE PASTED INSIDE YOUR COW-LICK!
TCH! TCH!
2

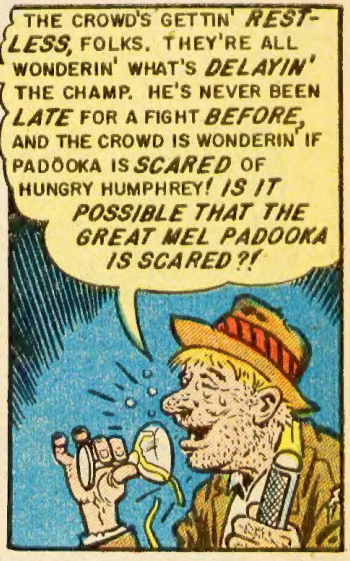

LISSEN, MEL! I BRUNG YA A NOO SPARIN' PARTNER! YOU'LL NEED ALLA PRAKTIS Y'KIN GET BEFORE DE BIG FITE T'NITE!
'ALLO MALVEEN!
BAT-EARS! MY OL' FRENCH FREN' FRUM MY COM-MANDO DAYS WEN I WUN THE WAR SINGLE-HANDID IN MY OWN TIPIKLY MODEST FASHION!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK!
FRENCH POST CARDS
BY GAR, MALVEEN, REMEMBAIR 'OW WE KEEL DOSE FURSHLUGGINER NATZI COCHON LIKE THEES?!
GOO'NESS GRASHUS!
PORFIRIO, MEET ME IN RENO NEXT WEEK AND WE'LL GO WIDOW-SHOPPING TOGETHER. HAMBONE
MA FOI! WE MUZ 'AV KEEL A' LEAS' 25 A DAY... AN' 50 ON SUNDAY LIKE THEES... IN ZEE FOOL COLOR! WOT HOPPY TIMES, MAI NON?
TCH! TCH!
WHUMPFF!
FRENCH POST CARDS
... AN' WEETH ZEE PEEK-AXES ... LIKE THEES! REMEMBAIR, MALVEEN? ZOSE WAIR ZEE GOOD OL' DAYS, EH, MON AMI?
SACKREY BLEW!
POK
POK
POK
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
W.W., HOW'S ABOUT SUNDAY? HAMBONE
LISSEN, BAT-EARS! JUS BECAUZ WE WUR BUDDIES DOORIN' TH' WAR... AN' JUS' BECAUZ YUR TEETH ARE PURLY... AN' JUS' BECAUZ Y'ALLUS WEAR A SMILE, DUZN'T MEEN I GOTTA STAN' HEER AN' TAKE DIS KINE'A TREETMEN' FRUM YEW! I'M GETTIN' MAD!
Y'UNNERSTAN'? I'M GETTIN' MAD!
PLIK
PLIK
YAHOO! BAT-EARS, BWAH! Y'DID THE TRICK! MEL IS GETTIN' MAD!
GRR-R!
MASON-DIXON
WHA' HOPPEN?
PANT! PUFF! THEY DIN'T HAVE ENNY MORE "MAD" SO I GOT "PANIC," TH' ON'Y AUTHORIZED IMITASHUN! IT'S PUT OUT BY THE SAME FERSHLUGGINER OUTFIT!
PANIC
3

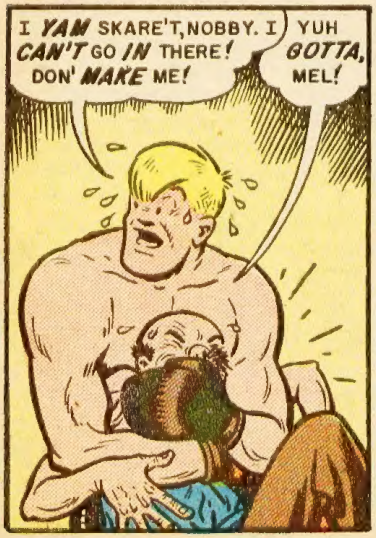

HEY, LOOK! IT'S THE CHAMP!
HEY, CHAMP! HOW 'BOUT AN' AUTO-GRAFF?
HI, THERE, CHAMP.
GEE, THE CHAMP!
HERE CUM MEL'S FAITHFUL FOLLOW-ERS! AIN'T IT AMAZIN' HOW FITE FANS RECKINIZE 'IM WEAREVER* HE GOES. . .PAKISTAN, NAIROBI, YOKAHAMA... LEVITTOWN...
BARGAINS PANTIES SHORTS
WHITE ROCK
FIGHT
*HERE'S THE PLUG...NOW SEND ME THE POLKA-DOT SHORTS.-HAMBONE.

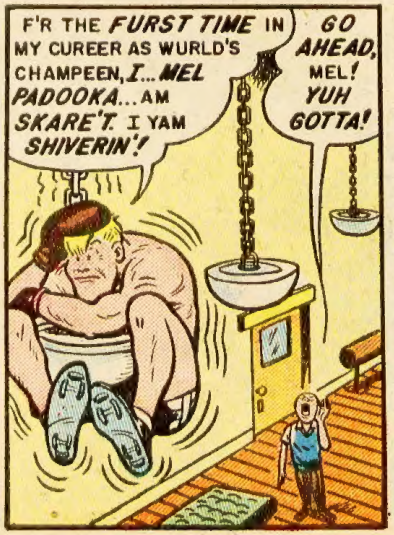
THAT AIN'T THE CHAMP!
THAT'S MEL PADOOKA!
LOOKED JUS' LIKE ROCKY MARCIANO FRUM THE BACK!
TH' BUMS! THIS WOODEN'T NEVER HAP-PEN IN PAKISTAN, NAIROBI, YOKAHAMA, OR LEVITTOWN!
AMAZING RESEM-BLANCE!
BRRRT!
SUMMONS
FIRE

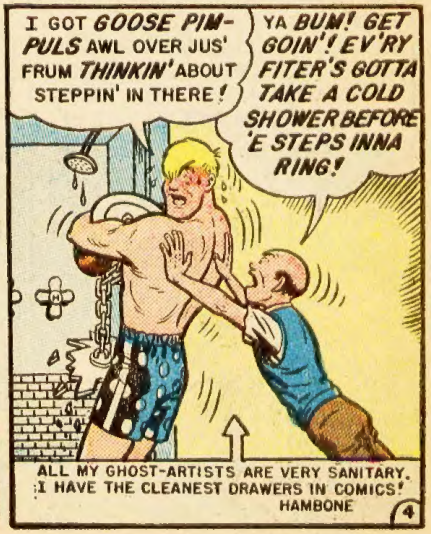
WELL, HERE WE ARE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, FOLKS, WHERE WE'RE GETTING READY TO WITNESS MEL PADOOKA'S 2487 TH DEFENSE OF HIS CROWN AGAINST THE ONLY CHALLENGER MEL'S NEVER BEEN ABLE TO KNOCK DOWN..HUNGRY HUMPHREY MEATLOAF...
THIS IS JIMMY POROUS, THE FAMOUS SPORTSCASTER. HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE TOO, Y'KNOW. - HAMBONE

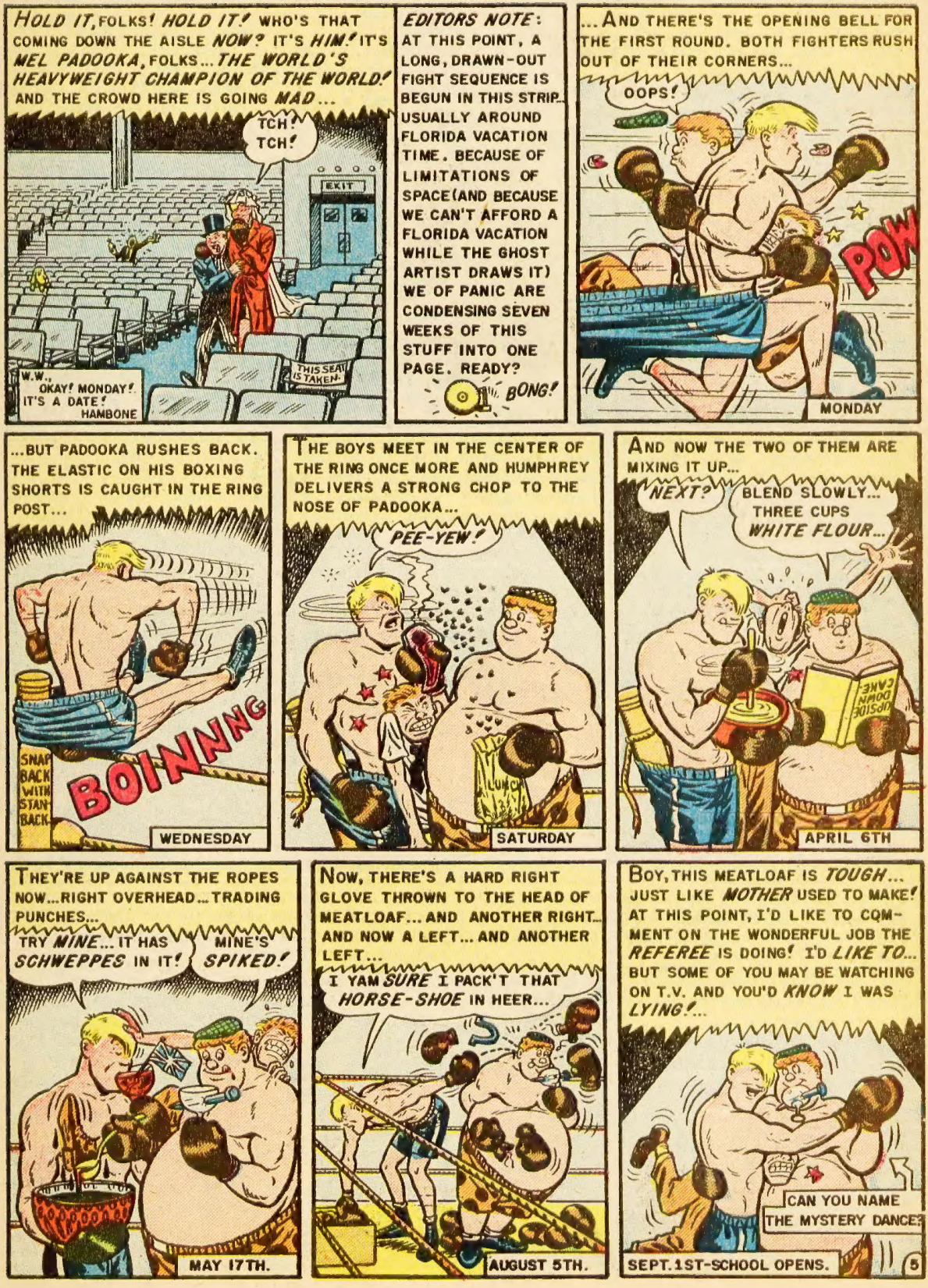

...AND HERE COMES MEATLOAF NOW! JUST LISTEN TO THAT OY-VATION HE'S GETTING FROM THE CROWD!
HEY, GI'ME BACK MY SANDWICH!
... AN' GI'ME BACK MY OUTHOUSE!
OY VAY!
DO NOT ENTER WHEN GREEN LIGHT IS ON!
DEVELOP-ING PHOTOS!

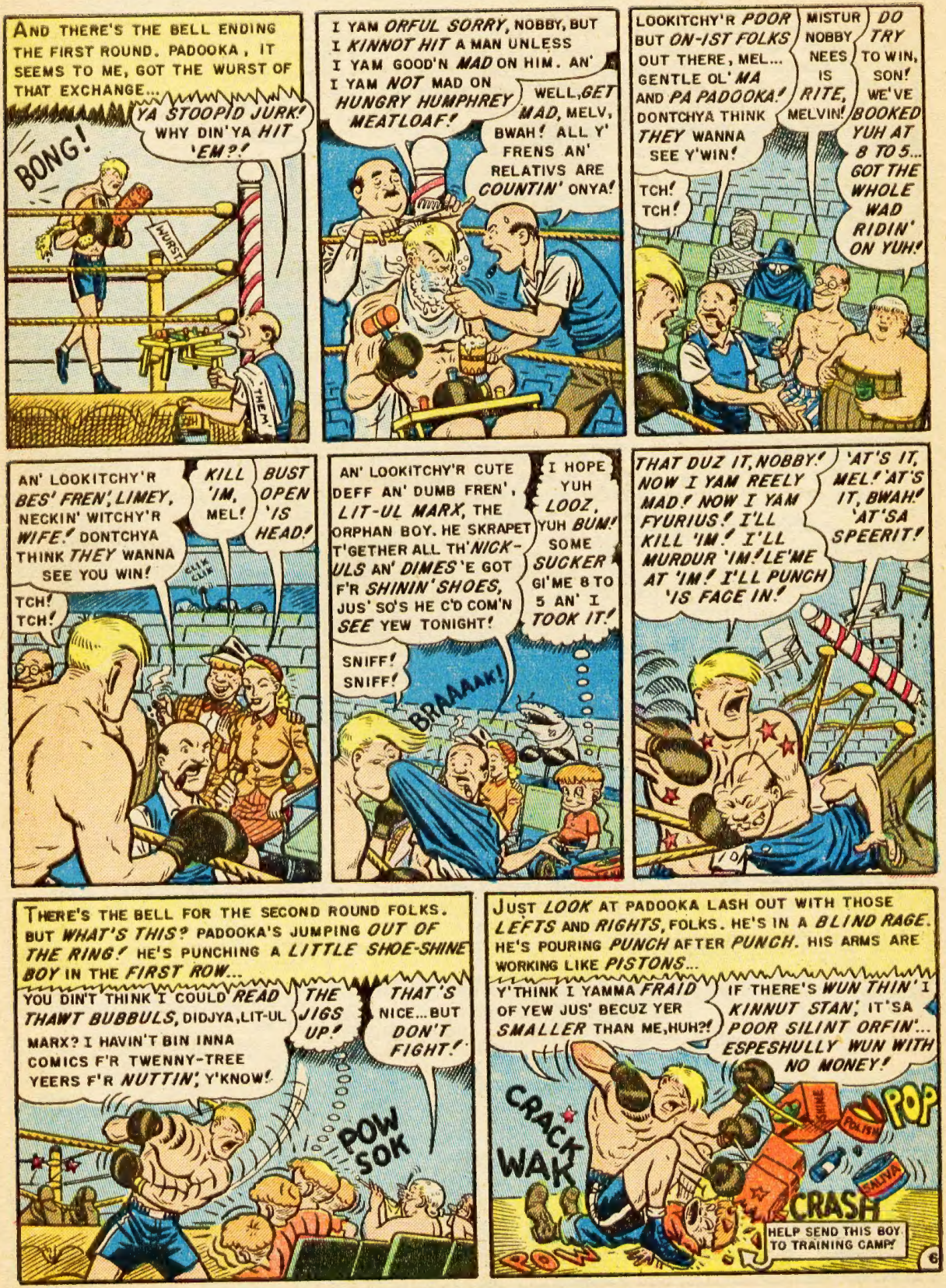

THE CROWD'S GETTIN' RESTLESS, FOLKS. THEY'RE ALL WONDERIN' WHAT'S DELAYIN' THE CHAMP. HE'S NEVER BEEN LATE FOR A FIGHT BEFORE, AND THE CROWD IS WONDERIN' IF PADOOKA IS SCARED OF HUNGRY HUMPHREY! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE GREAT MEL PADOOKA IS SCARED?!

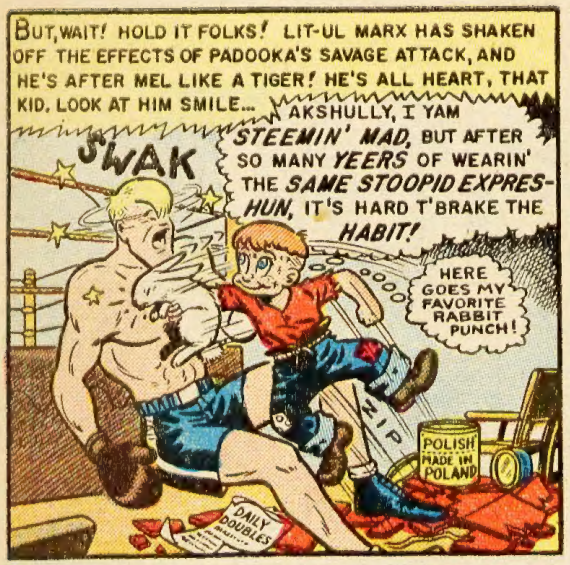

I YAM SKARE'T, NOBBY. I CAN'T GO IN THERE! DON' MAKE ME!
YUH GOTTA, MEL!

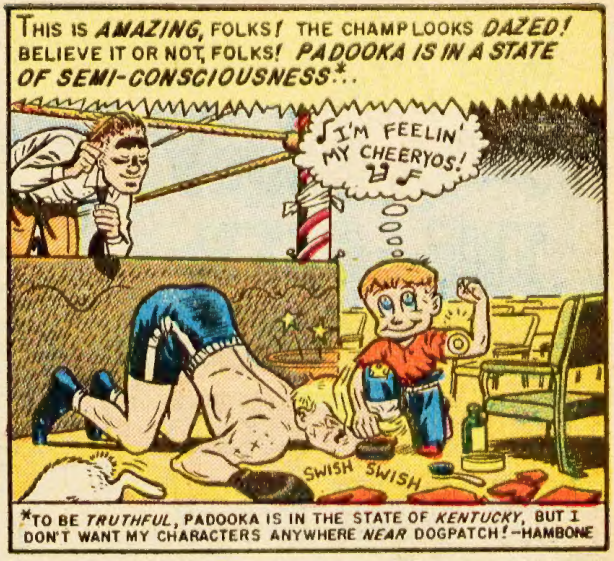

F'R THE FURST TIME IN MY CUREER AS WURLD'S CHAMPEEN, I... MEL PADOOKA... AM SKARE'T. I YAM SHIVERIN'!
GO AHEAD, MEL! YUH GOTTA!

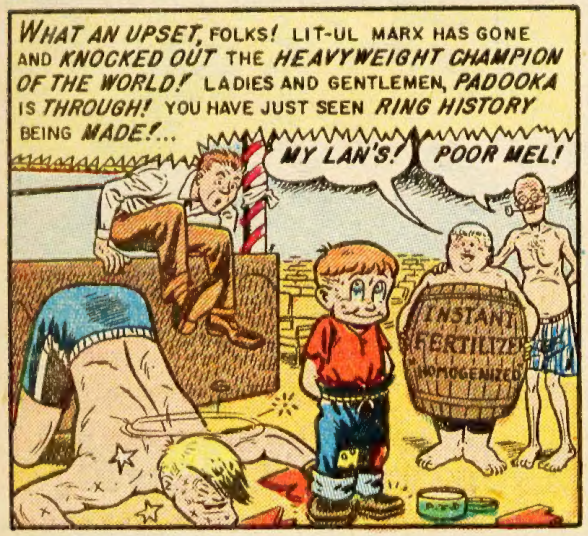

I GOT GOOSE PIM-PULS AWL OVER JUS' FRUM THINKIN' ABOUT STEPPIN' IN THERE!
YA BUM! GET GOIN'! EV'RY FITER'S GOTTA TAKE A COLD SHOWER BEFORE 'E STEPS INNA RING!
ALL MY GHOST-ARTISTS ARE VERY SANITARY. I HAVE THE CLEANEST DRAWERS IN COMICS! HAMBONE

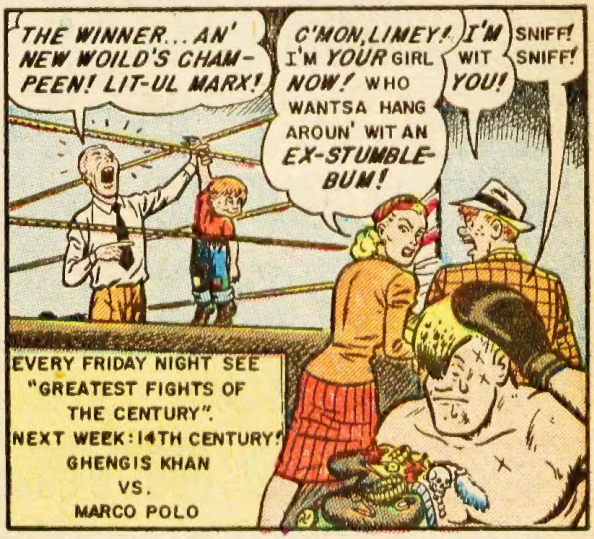

HOLD IT, FOLKS! HOLD IT! WHO'S THAT COMING DOWN THE AISLE NOW? IT'S HIM! IT'S MEL PADOOKA, FOLKS... THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! AND THE CROWD HERE IS GOING MAD...
TCH! TCH!
EXIT
W.W., OKAY! MONDAY! IT'S A DATE! HAMBONE
THIS SEAT IS TAKEN
EDITORS NOTE: AT THIS POINT, A LONG, DRAWN-OUT FIGHT SEQUENCE IS BEGUN IN THIS STRIP. USUALLY AROUND FLORIDA VACATION TIME. BECAUSE OF LIMITATIONS OF SPACE (AND BECAUSE WE CAN'T AFFORD A FLORIDA VACATION WHILE THE GHOST ARTIST DRAWS IT) WE OF PANIC ARE CONDENSING SEVEN WEEKS OF THIS STUFF INTO ONE PAGE. READY?
BONG!
...AND THERE'S THE OPENING BELL FOR THE FIRST ROUND. BOTH FIGHTERS RUSH OUT OF THEIR CORNERS...
OOPS!
POW
MONDAY
...BUT PADOOKA RUSHES BACK. THE ELASTIC ON HIS BOXING SHORTS IS CAUGHT IN THE RING POST...
BOINNNG
SNAP BACK WITH STAN BACK
WEDNESDAY
THE BOYS MEET IN THE CENTER OF THE RING ONCE MORE AND HUMPHREY DELIVERS A STRONG CHOP TO THE NOSE OF PADOOKA...
PEE-YEW!
LUNCH
SATURDAY
AND NOW THE TWO OF THEM ARE MIXING IT UP...
NEXT?
BLEND SLOWLY... THREE CUPS WHITE FLOUR...
UPSIDE DOWN CAKE
APRIL 6TH
THEY'RE UP AGAINST THE ROPES NOW... RIGHT OVERHEAD... TRADING PUNCHES...
TRY MINE... IT HAS SCHWEPPES IN IT!
MINE'S SPIKED!
MAY 17TH.
NOW, THERE'S A HARD RIGHT GLOVE THROWN TO THE HEAD OF MEATLOAF... AND ANOTHER RIGHT... AND NOW A LEFT... AND ANOTHER LEFT...
I YAM SURE I PACK'T THAT HORSE-SHOE IN HEER...
AUGUST 5TH.
BOY, THIS MEATLOAF IS TOUGH... JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE! AT THIS POINT, I'D LIKE TO COMMENT ON THE WONDERFUL JOB THE REFEREE IS DOING! I'D LIKE TO... BUT SOME OF YOU MAY BE WATCHING ON T.V. AND YOU'D KNOW I WAS LYING!...
CAN YOU NAME THE MYSTERY DANCE?
SEPT. 1ST-SCHOOL OPENS.
5

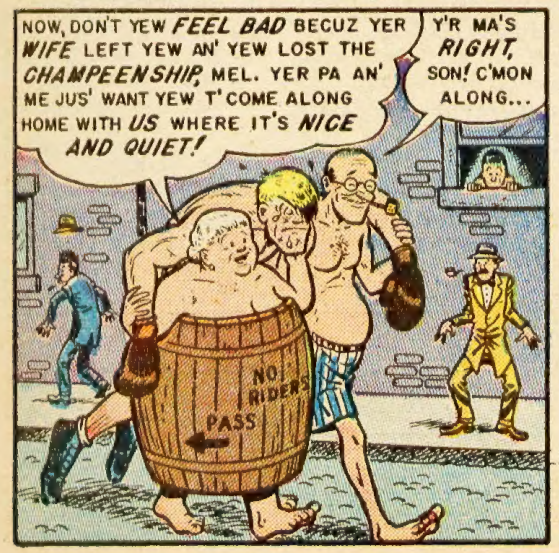

AND THERE'S THE BELL ENDING THE FIRST ROUND. PADOOKA, IT SEEMS TO ME, GOT THE WURST OF THAT EXCHANGE...
BONG!
YA STOOPID JURK! WHY DIN'YA HIT 'EM?!
WURST
THEM
I YAM ORFUL SORRY, NOBBY, BUT I KINNOT HIT A MAN UNLESS I YAM GOOD'N MAD ON HIM. AN' I YAM NOT MAD ON HUNGRY HUMPHREY MEATLOAF!
WELL, GET MAD, MELV, BWAH! ALL Y' FRENS AN' RELATIVS ARE COUNTIN' ONYA!
LOOKITCHY'R POOR BUT ON-IST FOLKS OUT THERE, MEL... GENTLE OL' MA AND PA PADOOKA! DONTCHYA THINK THEY WANNA SEE Y'WIN!
MISTUR NOBBY NEES IS RITE, MELVIN!
DO TRY TO WIN, SON! WE'VE BOOKED YUH AT 8 TO 5... GOT THE WHOLE WAD RIDIN' ON YUH!
TCH! TCH!
AN' LOOKITCHY'R BES' FREN', LIMEY, NECKIN' WITCHY'R WIFE! DONTCHYA THINK THEY WANNA SEE YOU WIN!
KILL 'IM, MEL!
BUST OPEN 'IS HEAD!
CLIK CLIK
TCH! TCH!
AN' LOOKITCHY'R CUTE DEFF AN' DUMB FREN', LIT-UL MARX, THE ORPHAN BOY. HE SKRAPET T'GETHER ALL TH' NICK-ULS AN' DIMES 'E GOT F'R SHININ' SHOES, JUS' SO'S HE C'D COM'N SEE YEW TONIGHT!
I HOPE YUH LOOZ, YUH BUM! SOME SUCKER GI'ME 8 TO 5 AN' I TOOK IT!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
BRAAAAK!
THAT DUZ IT, NOBBY! NOW I YAM REELY MAD! NOW I YAM FYURIUS! I'LL KILL 'IM! I'LL MURDUR 'IM! LE'ME AT 'IM! I'LL PUNCH 'IS FACE IN!
'AT'S IT, MEL! 'AT'S IT, BWAH! 'AT'SA SPEERIT!
THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE SECOND ROUND FOLKS. BUT WHAT'S THIS? PADOOKA'S JUMPING OUT OF THE RING! HE'S PUNCHING A LITTLE SHOE-SHINE BOY IN THE FIRST ROW...
YOU DIN'T THINK I COULD READ THAWT BUBBULS, DIDJYA, LIT-UL MARX? I HAVIN'T BIN INNA COMICS F'R TWENNY-TREE YEERS F'R NUTTIN', Y'KNOW!
THE JIGS UP!
THAT'S NICE... BUT DON'T FIGHT!
POW SOK
JUST LOOK AT PADOOKA LASH OUT WITH THOSE LEFTS AND RIGHTS, FOLKS. HE'S IN A BLIND RAGE. HE'S POURING PUNCH AFTER PUNCH. HIS ARMS ARE WORKING LIKE PISTONS...
Y'THINK I YAMMA FRAID OF YEW JUS' BECUZ YER SMALLER THAN ME, HUH?!
IF THERE'S WUN THIN' I KINNUT STAN', IT'SA POOR SILINT ORFIN'... ESPESHULLY WUN WITH NO MONEY!
CRACK
WAK
POW
SHINE
POLISH
SALIVA
POP
CRASH
HELP SEND THIS BOY TO TRAINING CAMP!
6

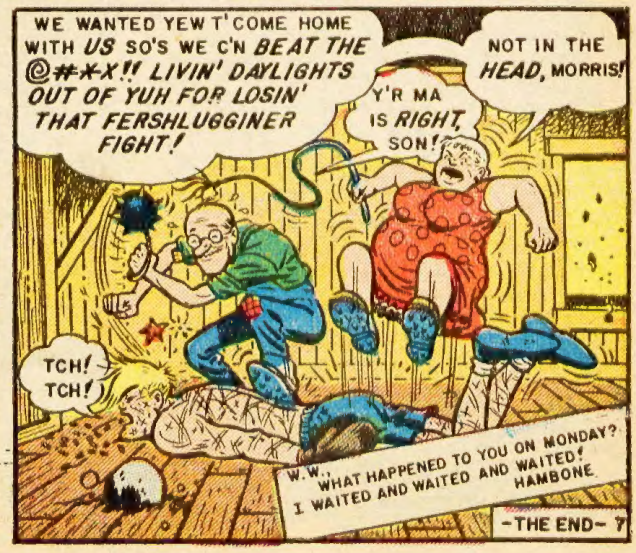

BUT, WAIT! HOLD IT FOLKS! LIT-UL MARX HAS SHAKEN OFF THE EFFECTS OF PADOOKA'S SAVAGE ATTACK, AND HE'S AFTER MEL LIKE A TIGER! HE'S ALL HEART, THAT KID. LOOK AT HIM SMILE...
SWAK
AKSHULLY, I YAM STEEMIN' MAD, BUT AFTER SO MANY YEERS OF WEARIN' THE SAME STOOPID EXPRES-HUN, IT'S HARD T'BRAKE THE HABIT!
HERE GOES MY FAVORITE RABBIT PUNCH!
ZIP
POLISH MADE IM POLAND
DAILY DOUBLES


THIS IS AMAZING, FOLKS! THE CHAMP LOOKS DAZED! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FOLKS! PADOOKA IS IN A STATE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS*...
I'M FEELIN' MY CHEERYOS!
SWISH SWISH
*TO BE TRUTHFUL, PADOOKA IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, BUT I DON'T WANT MY CHARACTERS ANYWHERE NEAR DOGPATCH! -HAMBONE

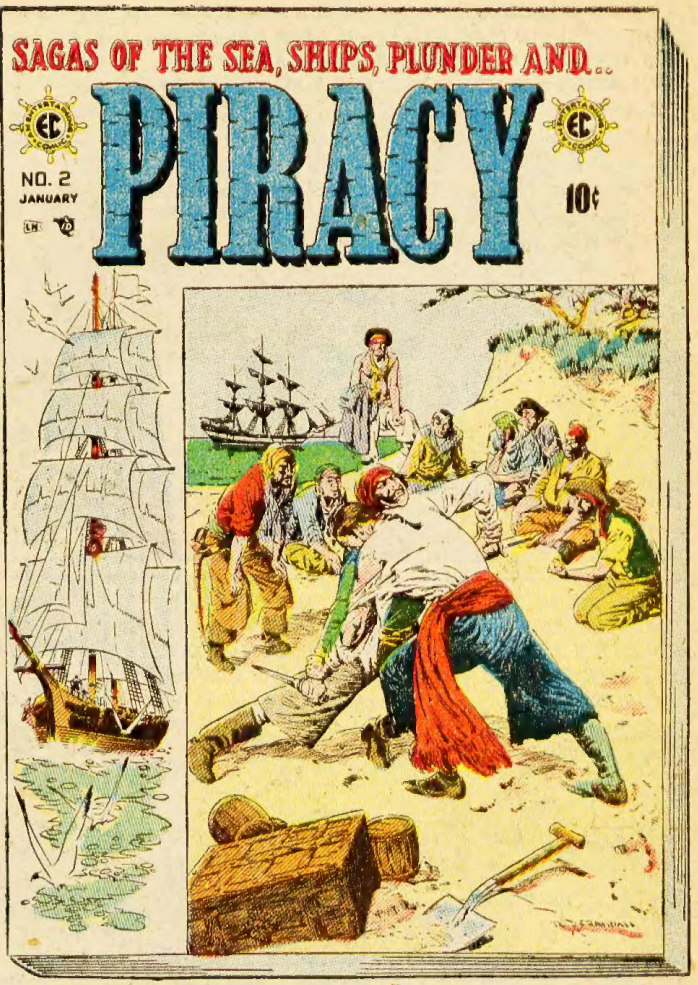

WHAT AN UPSET, FOLKS! LIT-UL MARX HAS GONE AND KNOCKED OUT THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PADOOKA IS THROUGH! YOU HAVE JUST SEEN RING HISTORY BEING MADE!...
MY LAN'S!
POOR MEL!
INSTANT FERTILIZER HOMOGENIZED


THE WINNER... AN' NEW WOILD'S CHAMPEEN! LIT-UL MARX!
C'MON, LIMEY! I'M YOUR GIRL NOW! WHO WANTSA HANG AROUN' WIT AN EX-STUMBLE-BUM!
I'M WIT YOU!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT SEE "GREATEST FIGHTS OF THE CENTURY". NEXT WEEK: 14TH CENTURY! GHENGIS KHAN VS. MARCO POLO


NOW, DON'T YEW FEEL BAD BECUZ YER WIFE LEFT YEW AN' YEW LOST THE CHAMPEENSHIP, MEL. YER PA AN' ME JUS' WANT YEW T' COME ALONG HOME WITH US WHERE IT'S NICE AND QUIET!
Y'R MA'S RIGHT, SON! C'MON ALONG...
NO RIDERS
PASS


WE WANTED YEW T' COME HOME WITH US SO'S WE C'N BEAT THE @#*X!! LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YUH FOR LOSIN' THAT FERSHLUGGINER FIGHT!
NOT IN THE HEAD, MORRIS!
Y'R MA IS RIGHT, SON!
TCH! TCH!
W.W., WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU ON MONDAY? I WAITED AND WAITED AND WAITED! HAMBONE
-THE END-

WE KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY THE LUSTY, SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURES IN OUR NEW SEAGOING MAG! "PIRACY" IS A TREASURE CHEST OF SALTY SEA YARNS PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR *LOCAL NEWSSTAND*, MATES... DO A LITTLE *EXPLORING* THROUGH THE *REST OF THE BILGE*... AND *COMMANDEER* YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE *NOT* THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND WOULD RATHER *IMPORT* "PIRACY", YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SHIP OFF, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S *ONE BUCK*, LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M SHANGHAIED! HERE'S $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

OLD FILM CLIPS PASSED OFF AS T.V. ENTERTAINMENT DEPT. (IF NOBODY WRITES, THEY'LL PHONY THE LETTERS DIVISION): DID YOU EVER *SIT HOME* ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND *WATCH TELEVISION,* BECAUSE... (A) YOU DON'T SEE ANY *SENSE* IN GETTING *FOULED UP* IN THAT *BUMPER-TO-BUMPER WEEK-END TRAFFIC* IN YOUR *FAMILY CAR?*... (B) *YOU DON'T HAVE A FAMILY?*... (C) *YOU DON'T HAVE A CAR?*... (D) YOU... *HAH? WHAT'S* THAT YOU SAY? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A *TELEVISION SET?* WELL, YOU'RE *LUCKIER* THAN MOST OF US, CHUM, BECAUSE *THAT* MEANS YOU NEVER HAD TO *SIT THROUGH* THE LEMON CALLED...

YOU AXED FOR IT!

IF YOU DETEST PEANUT BUTTER... YOU'LL LOVE DRIPPY! YES, SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR *OLD FRIEND, ART FAKER,* ABOUT TO BRING YOU ANOTHER PROGRAM OF THINGS I *KNOW* YOU WANT TO *SEE*... BECAUSE... *YOU AXED FOR IT!*

NABBIT CAR

TERRIBLE TV VISION GUIDE

REMEMBER, FRIENDS. *THIS* IS THE PROGRAM THAT WILL *GO ANYWHERE... DO ANYTHING... PHOTOGRAPH EVERYTHING...* SIMPLY BECAUSE... *YOU AXED FOR IT!*

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *AXE FOR IT!*

NO KIDDIN'!

AND IF WE'VE *GOT* THE FILM CLIP, WE'LL *SHOW* IT!

IF WE *HAVEN'T* GOT IT, *YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!*

BUD SMARTR BEER

OUR *FIRST* LETTER IS FROM A MR. *JOE U. RENALDO* WHO IS THE *ATTENDANT* IN THE *MEN'S ROOM* AT *GRAND CENTRAL STATION.* MR. RENALDO WRITES...

"I REMEMBER ONCE SEEING A PROFESSIONAL PICK-POCKET NAMED PETER PIPER WHO COULD PICK A PACKET... PACK A PICKET... PIP A PUPPET... OH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... FASTER THAN ANY MAN ON EARTH! COULD YOU HAVE HIM ON YOUR SHOW? I GOT A T.V. SET IN THE SUPPLY-CLOSET. I'LL BE LOOKING. JOE U. RENALDO!"

TICK TOCK

BUDDY

WELL, MR. JOE RENALDO, YOU ARE *IN LUCK!* WE MANAGED TO *LOCATE* THE GREAT PETER PIPER, AND HE HAS CONSENTED TO COME DOWN TO THE *STUDIO* AND GIVE US A *DEMONSTRATION* OF HIS KEEN ABILITY AT PICKET-POCKING... ER... POCKLE-PICKING... UH... PICKLE-PACKING... UH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. AND *HERE HE IS!*

WELCOME TO "YOU AXED FOR IT," MR. PIPER! IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO COME DOWN TO OUR STUDIO TO PICK A FEW POCKETS IN ORDER THAT MR. RENALDO, WATCHING FROM THE MEN'S ROOM AT GRAND CENTRAL, CAN SEE IF YOU HAVE...
...N'T LOST ANY OF THAT OLD SKILL. AND PERHAPS, WHILE YOU'RE HERE, MR. PIPER, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW OUR VIEWERS HOW THEY CAN LEARN TO PICK POCKETS RIGHT IN THEIR VERY OWN HOMES!
I'M SORRY, MR. RENALDO, THAT OUR GUEST, THE GREAT PETER PIPER, HAD TO RUSH OFF TO A PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT BEFORE HE COULD DEMONSTRATE HIS SKILL.
BAH!
HOWEVER, I... I... AYE, AYE, AYE! WELL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, MR. RENALDO! NOT ONLY HAVE MY POCKETS BEEN PICKED, BUT ALSO ALL MY CLOTHES ARE GONE! WELL, I'M GLAD TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE BECAUSE... "YOU AXED FOR IT"!
FAKE!
AND NOW, A LETTER FROM A MISS THELMA POTRZEBIE, OF BUTTERBALL, MONT., WHO WRITES: "DEAR ART, I HAVE ALLA TIME LONGED TO SEE THAT DARE-DEVIL STUNT CAR DRIVER, 'CRACK-UP' CASEY DEECH, DOING HIS FAMOUS 'FLIP-OVER THROUGH FLAMES ON TWO WHEELS INTO A BOX CAR FULL OF DYNAMITE' ROUTINE. I LOVE TO SEE STUNT CARS IN ACTION! I ALSO LOVE TO SEE BLOOD! YOURS, THELMA P."
WELL, MISS POTRZEBIE, THERE IN BUTTERBALL, MONT., YOU WILL GET YOUR CHANCE TO SEE "CRACK-UP" DO HIS FAMOUS ROUTINE... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
...AND ALSO BECAUSE I LOVE TO SEE BLOOD, TOO!
ROLL 'EM, MAXIE!
...AND HERE WE ARE AT THE UTAH SALT FLATS, WATCHING AS "CRACK-UP" CASEY DEECH WARMS UP HIS SOUPED-UP, RE-BORED, RE-DESIGNED, STRIPPED-DOWN, STANLEY STEAMER! NOW HE'S GIVING THAT OL' CHASSIS A LAST MINUTE CHECK UP...
STEERING... TIGHT! FUEL... FULL! TIMING... PERFECT! ASH TRAYS... OH, OH! THE ASH TRAYS ARE DIRTY! HOLD EVERYTHING!
SO, OKAY, ALREADY, CASEY! GET GOING! THIS IS ONLY A HALF HOUR SHOW, Y'KNOW!
I CAN'T GO NOW, ART! MY VEEBLEFETZER ISN'T ALIGNED WITH MY FRAMMISPFLUGER AND MY MEXIFIZOID IS OUT OF KILTER!
IS THAT ALL?
NO! I AM ALSO CHICKEN!
CLUCK CLUCK
2

JUST LOOK AT HIM GO, FOLKS...LOOK AT HIM TAKE OFF! THAT'S WHAT I CALL COURAGE! IF IT'S BRAVERY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, THIS BOY'S GOT IT! ALSO, HE'S GOT NO CHOICE!
BOOM
...AND HERE HE COMES! MAN, HE'S REALLY BURNING UP THE TRACK! HE MUST BE GOING AT LEAST AS FAST AS 200 MULES AN HOUR...
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR!
B-R-R-RACK!
POKA POKA POK
MIKE
OH-OH! NOW "CRACK-UP" IS HEADING THIS WAY. HE'S ABOUT TO DO THE MOST DARING, THE MOST AMAZING, THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING STUNT OF ALL! HE WILL ATTEMPT, WHILE TRAVELING AT TOP SPEED, TO REACH OVER AND PICK UP THAT HANDKERCHIEF LYING THERE WITH HIS TEETH!
WATCH CLOSELY NOW, FOLKS. HE'S APPROACHING THE HANDKERCHIEF! HE'S LEANING FAR OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR! HE'S OPENING HIS MOUTH! HE'S GETTING READY TO SNAP IT UP! WILL HE DO IT?
HE DID IT, FOLKS! HE PICKED UP THAT HANDKERCHIEF WITH HIS TEETH! TALK ABOUT RAW COURAGE...THIS BOY IS ABOUT AS FOOL-HARDY AS THEY COME!
YES, SIR! HE'S GOT COURAGE, FOLKS! AFTER ALL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT KIND OF GERMS YOU MIGHT FIND ON A HANKY THAT'S BEEN KICKING AROUND THE UTAH SALT FLATS SINCE THE RACING SEASON OPENED!
I WANT TO THANK YOU, "CRACK-UP" CASEY DEECH, FOR GIVING US SUCH A BLOOD-CURDLING THRILL WITH YOUR TREMENDOUS FEAT!
I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE MY TREMENDOUS FEET OUT OF THIS!
HMMM! AND TO YOU, THELMA POTRZEBIE! I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED... BECAUSE...YOU AXED FOR IT!
WHILE OUR GOOD FRIEND, ART FAKER IS RESTING UP FROM THAT GRUELING EXPERIENCE OUT THERE ON THE UTAH SALT FLATS... LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER GRUELING EXPERIENCE...
...THAT FIRST SPOONFUL OF DRI Y PEANUT BUTTER!
3

THIS BEING THE *LOW-PRESSURE-TYPE COMMERCIAL*, I AM *NOT* GOING TO *RUN DOWN* THE *OTHER BRANDS* OF PEANUT BUTTER ON THE MARKET! *SOME* OF THE OTHER MAKES ARE *VERY GOOD!* IN FACT, SOME ARE *EXCELLENT*... EVEN *FAR SUPERIOR* TO OUR OWN *DRIPPY!*

ALL RIGHT! LET'S *FACE* IT FOLKS! THEY'RE *ALL BETTER* THAN *DRIPPY!*

BUT *DRIPPY* IS *CHEAP!* AND EVEN THOUGH IT MAY NOT *TASTE* AS GOOD AS THE OTHERS, *WHO CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE!?*

YOU'RE *SO BUSY TRYING TO SCRAPE ANY BRAND PEANUT BUTTER OFF THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH*, YOU *NEVER* CAN *TASTE* IT! SO, *WHY SPEND MORE!? SUFFER* FOR *LESS!* GAG AND *SAVE!* REMEMBER!

IF YOU DETEST PEANUT BUTTER, YOU'LL LOVE DRIPPY!

NOW, BACK TO *ART FAKER!*

THANK YOU, MOROSE! AND HERE IS A LETTER FROM A VIEWER IN BROOKLYN, WHO WRITES...

Dear Art,
I once heard a story about the deadly Vindshield Viper, a rare snake found in deepest Africa, which, although it is only 18 inches long is capable of choking to death and swallowing a full-grown African elephant! I would give anything to see a picture of this... as long as it's free.
SIGNED
MELVIN MAD

WELL, MELVIN MAD, THERE IN BROOKLYN, YOUR *WISH* IS ABOUT TO COME *TRUE*. WE SENT A *CAMERA CREW* INTO THE WILD AFRICAN JUNGLES TO *PHOTOGRAPH* THIS CUNNING REPTILE AND BRING BACK THE FILM YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE... BECAUSE... *YOU AXED FOR IT!*

DRIPPY

LET'S SEE NOW! WHAT HAVE WE HERE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BULL ELEPHANT, AND A PRETTY MEAN CUSTOMER. BUT, WAIT! WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE ON THE RIGHT. THAT MUST BE THE FEROCIOUS VINSHIELD VIPER YOU DESCRIBED IN YOUR LETTER, MELVIN, BWAH!...

OH-OH! THE SNAKE HAS SPOTTED THE HUGE BEAST AND NOW IT'S SWAYING BACK AND FORTH HYPNOTICALLY... AS THOUGH INVITING THE PONDEROUS ELEPHANT TO ENGAGE IN MORTAL COMBAT...

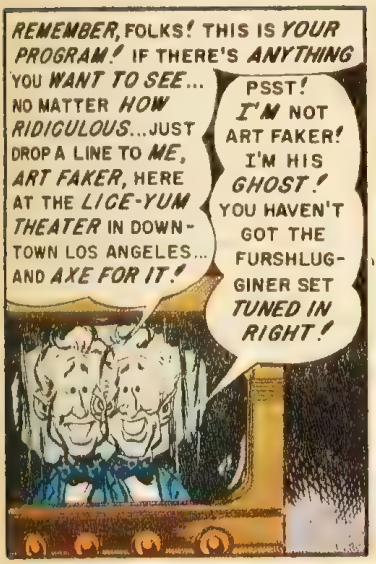
IS IT *REALLY POSSIBLE* THAT A *TINY CREATURE LIKE THAT* CAN *SUBDUE* AND *CRUSH THE LIFE OUT OF AN ENORMOUS AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT? IS IT?*

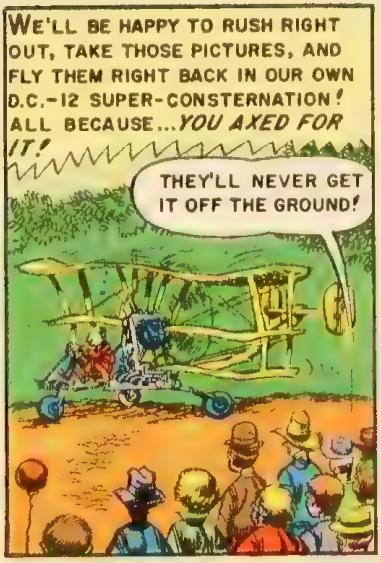
SQUISH

I GUESS NOT!

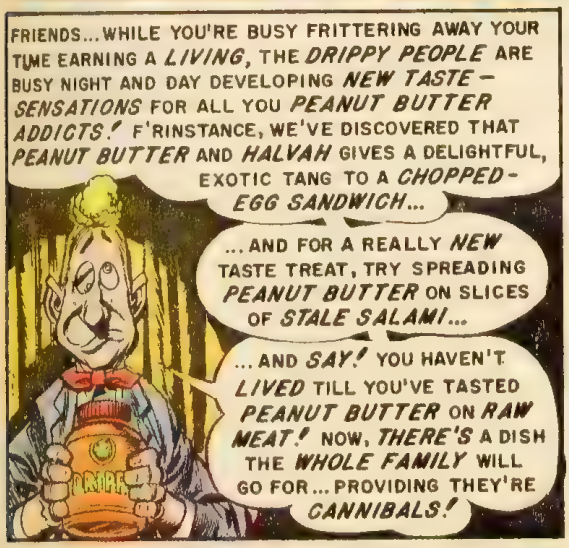
AND TO *YOU*, MELVIN MAD! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU *HEAR* THESE FURSHLUGGINER STORIES ABOUT SNAKES CRUSHING ELEPHANTS, BUT FROM NOW ON, *KEEP THEM TO YOURSELF!*

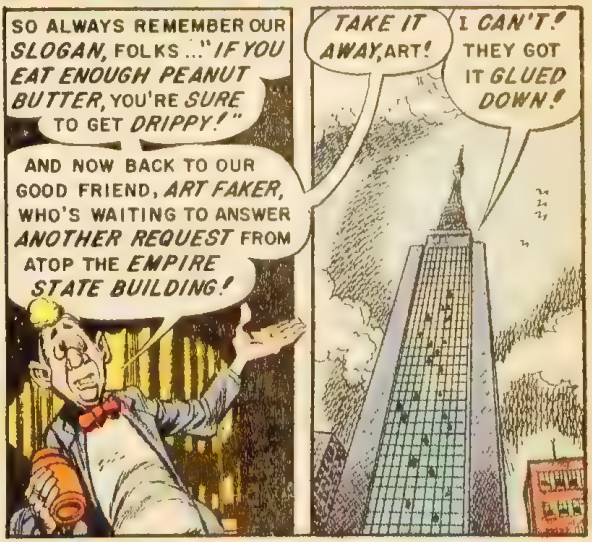
'CAUSE IF YOU EVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN... *YOU'LL BE ASKING FOR IT!*

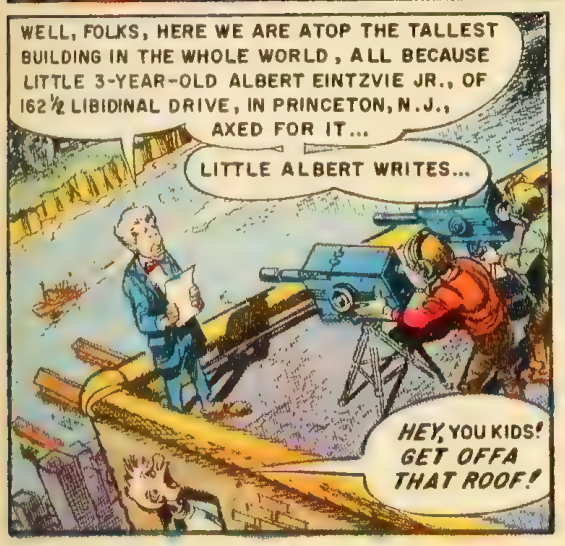

REMEMBER, FOLKS! THIS IS YOUR PROGRAM! IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE... NO MATTER HOW RIDICULOUS... JUST DROP A LINE TO ME, ART FAKER, HERE AT THE LICE-YUM THEATER IN DOWN-TOWN LOS ANGELES... AND AXE FOR IT!
PSST! I'M NOT ART FAKER! I'M HIS GHOST! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE FURSHLUG-GINER SET TUNED IN RIGHT!

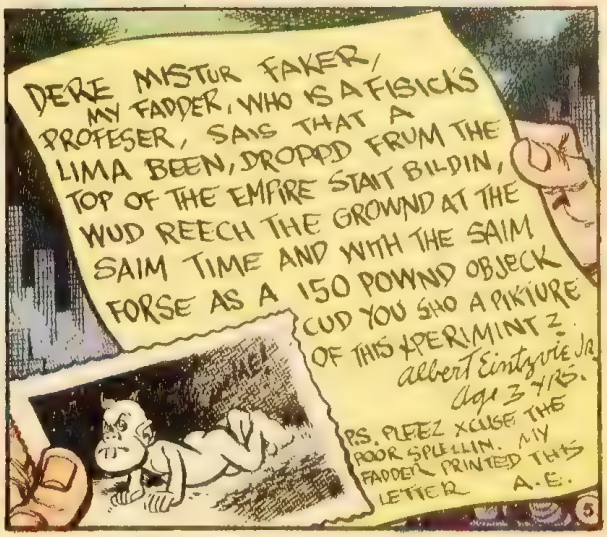

WE'LL BE HAPPY TO RUSH RIGHT OUT, TAKE THOSE PICTURES, AND FLY THEM RIGHT BACK IN OUR OWN D.C.-12 SUPER-CONSTERNATION! ALL BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
THEY'LL NEVER GET IT OFF THE GROUND!

BUT BEFORE WE GET ON TO OUR NEXT REQUEST, WHICH COMES FROM A VIEWER IN PRINCETON, N.J., LET'S LISTEN TO ANOTHER BRIEF WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR! (HERE, IDIOT!)
THANKS, ART!


FRIENDS... WHILE YOU'RE BUSY FRITTERING AWAY YOUR TIME EARNING A LIVING, THE DRIPPY PEOPLE ARE BUSY NIGHT AND DAY DEVELOPING NEW TASTE-SENSATIONS FOR ALL YOU PEANUT BUTTER ADDICTS! F'RINSTANCE, WE'VE DISCOVERED THAT PEANUT BUTTER AND HALVAH GIVES A DELIGHTFUL, EXOTIC TANG TO A CHOPPED-EGG SANDWICH...
... AND FOR A REALLY NEW TASTE TREAT, TRY SPREADING PEANUT BUTTER ON SLICES OF STALE SALAMI...
... AND SAY! YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE TASTED PEANUT BUTTER ON RAW MEAT! NOW, THERE'S A DISH THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL GO FOR... PROVIDING THEY'RE CANNIBALS!


SO ALWAYS REMEMBER OUR SLOGAN, FOLKS... "IF YOU EAT ENOUGH PEANUT BUTTER, YOU'RE SURE TO GET DRIPPY!"
AND NOW BACK TO OUR GOOD FRIEND, ART FAKER, WHO'S WAITING TO ANSWER ANOTHER REQUEST FROM ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
TAKE IT AWAY, ART!
I CAN'T! THEY GOT IT GLUED DOWN!


WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE ATOP THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WHOLE WORLD, ALL BECAUSE LITTLE 3-YEAR-OLD ALBERT EINTZVIE JR., OF 162½ LIBIDINAL DRIVE, IN PRINCETON, N.J., AXED FOR IT...
LITTLE ALBERT WRITES...
HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT ROOF!


DERE MISTUR FAKER,
MY FADDER, WHO IS A FISICKS PROFESER, SAYS THAT A LIMA BEEN, DROPPD FRUM THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STAIT BILDIN, WUD REECH THE GROWND AT THE SAIM TIME AND WITH THE SAIM FORSE AS A 150 POWND OBJECK CUD YOU SHO A PIKTURE OF THIS XPERIMINT?
albert Eintzvie Jr.
age 3 YRS.
P.S. PLEEZ XCUSE THE POOR SPUELLIN. MY FADDER PRINTED THIS LETTER
A.E.
5

WELL, LITTLE ALBERT, I HOPE YOU'RE AT HOME WATCHING THIS EXPERIMENT ABOUT A BEAN FALLING AT THE SAME RATE OF SPEED AS A 150 POUND OBJECT!
PERSONALLY, I THINK YOUR OLD MAN'S THEORY IS A LOT OF HOG-WASH! BUT HERE GOES... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
OKAY, I'M DROPPING THE LIMA BEAN!
... AND AT THE EXACT SAME TIME, I'M DROPPING THE ONLY 150 POUND OBJECT AVAILABLE...
...A HUMAN BEAN!
ME!
THIS IS A LOW-BUDGET PROGRAM!
EMPIRE STATE REALTY
TALL STORIES FOR ALL
WELL, WE'RE NOW PASSING THE 58TH FLOOR... AND IT LOOKS LIKE THIS LI'L OL' LIMA BEAN ISN'T GIVING UP SO EASILY!
I CAN HEAR IT PUFFING AND PANTING ITS LI'L OL' POD OUT TRYING TO KEEP UP... ER... COME DOWN WITH ME!
WRITE AT ENTRANCE
YOO-HOO! STANLEY?
TALK ABOUT HEART, THIS LITTLE BEAN HAS REALLY GOT IT!
WE'RE STILL NECK-AND-NECK AS WE PASS THE 14TH STORY... THE 10TH... THE 8TH... THE 6TH...
MAN! DIG THEM CRA-A-A-ZY PIGEONS!
SPLAT
PING
WELL, LITTLE ALBERT, THERE IN PRINCETON, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS THOUGH YOUR FADDER IS RIGHT!
AND FOR SUGGESTING THIS EXPERIMENT, OL' UNCLE ART IS GONNA COME OVER PERSONALLY TO SHOW HIS APPRECIATION...
I'LL AX HIM IT!
...BECAUSE, YOU AXED FOR IT!
VAS IS LOS, HALBERT? FURSHLUGGINER 3D T.V.?
JA! UND IN COLOR, TOO!
PORTIONS OF THE PRECEDING PROGRAM WERE ON WASTED COSTLY FILM.
THE END

PAN MAIL

Dear Editors,

Wahoo! I never thought you could put out a funnier mag than Panic No. 4 . . . but after reading issue number 5, I had to change my mind! It was truly an E.C. Classic! I never laughed so hard. The cover idea was a stroke of genius, the Sports Jargon feature was the greatest yet, the T.V. programs were hilarious, the horoscope featurette was laugh-provoking and Tick Dracy! . . . well, in short, Panic No. 5 was the greatest humor mag E. C. has ever put out! —Wayne Lemon—Holton, Ind.

. . . I think that Panic is pretty crappy. In fact, it stinks.—Helen W. Zywics—N. Y. C.

. . . Panic is a credit to the American people in being a brilliant satire of Americana. Panic is an example of the skillful and famed American wit. It should be preserved in the Library of Congress as a monument to all America.—Jeffrey Frey—Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . It may be that I don't appreciate witty humor, but I don't believe I've seen a more deplorable collection of corny trash than that which appears in Panic.—E. Pierce—Miami, Fla.

. . . Panic is strictly for the intellects.—Dee Brown —San Antonio, Tex.

. . . That rag you call Panic isn't half as good as Mad.—Jimmy Shofi—Miami, Fla.

. . . I think Panic is overpowering Mad!—Mike Olivari—Washington, D. C.

. . . Panic, although funnier than Mad, still has a trace of gall beneath its delectable flavor. I love satire, but I always went more for Voltaire's subtleties than Swift's harping.—Donald A. Thompson—Grand Valley, Pa.

. . . I cannot see the difference between Mad and Panic. I loved the articles about "The Sportscaster," the "Weather Man," and the "Family gardener."—Jack Chatfield—Bethesda, Md.

. . . Your mag is a gas for all straight peoples. It really wigs them. And the flicks are too much. You get all hung up gassing on one set. Man, what frantic imaginations. You must be real swinging peoples because no lames can think so weird and far out. I might be coming on pretty strong, but you're hip.—Later

. . . I think Panic is just marvelous, and frankly I think Mad is very stupid and a poor excuse for a magazine.—Sherry Raye Rogers—El Reno, Okla.

. . . The lampoon on Dick Tracy in Panic No. 5 was great. I nearly heaved my entrails laughing so hard. A special pat on the back to your artist, Bill Elder.—Pvt. Gregory William Reillo—Ft. Devans, Mass.

. . . I really don't have the words to thank you enough for finally printing that excellent front view of Tick Dracy. This is real police work! Dum-da-dum-dum!—Janice DeVivo—New Castle, Pa.

. . . Before reading Panic, we were just two normal guys. We were liked by our families and friends. However, since reading Panic, we are out 20c, have been disowned by our parents, and kicked out of school. Thanks.—Robert Carbone & Robert Bennett —Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . You fellows are geniuses when it comes to printing unique covers for Panic and Mad. Although it will drive me bankrupt, I'm all for a monthly Panic.—Clifford Group—Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . Cass Technical High School in Detroit is MAD about PANIC.—Stan Grossman—Detroit, Mich.

. . . A Mad reader from the beginning, I was afraid at first that Panic was only another run-of-the-mill competitor. However, it took only a few issues for me to realize that Panic was not only as good as Mad . . . it was better.—Paul Arthur—Wisc. Institute for the Crim. Insane

. . . I dig Panic very well . . . understand every furshlugginer word . . . am very loyal to E.C. . . . now have ancient proverb here: Man who buy E.C. Comics buy one way ticket to crazy house.—Dennis Gerlach—Hong Kong, China

. . . I would like to add my two cents worth to this controversy about Panic and Mad. I think Mad and Panic are the two best funny-type mags on the stands, and Panic is the better of the two.—H. A. Mitchell—Louisville, Ky.

. . . So help me, if your imitation of Mad gets any better, I will personally come to N. Y. and have it out with you.—Ken Bowis—Phila., Pa.

That's it for this issue. A sub to Panic will cost you one buck . . . eight issues. If you got comments, pro or con . . . pliz write. The address is:

Panicky Editors
Room 706, Dept. 7
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

Continuing in its efforts to present samples of the mature, intellectual reading found in our daily newspapers, Panic magazine now presents its version of the "affairs of the heart" type column, usually called something like this:

ADVICE TO THE LOVELOON

By Ann Olmay Derself

Dear Miss Derself,
I am a girl of fifteen and I am madly and passionately in love with the soda jerk at the corner drug store. But Irving, that's the jerk's name, doesn't even know I exist. No matter how I try, I cannot get him to notice me. I am filled up to here with Pistachio malteds already. What can I do to get him to notice me?
Frustrated and Greenfaced

Dear Frustrated and Pistachio-pussed,
You could probably look like Marylin Monroe and Irving, the jerk, wouldn't notice you. Who would be interested in a girl who drinks Pistachio malteds? Change your order. Try a Banana Split with all the trimmings. If Irving doesn't notice you when he serves it to you, dump it on his head. This will impress him. He will remember you always.

Dear Miss Derself,
I am madly and passionately in love with a girl who doesn't know I am alive. All she does is sit all day and drink Pistachio malteds. What shall I do? Unhappy Irving

Dear Irving,
Watch out!

Dear Miss Loveloon,
My hair is frizzy, my teeth are crooked, my nose is big, my eyes are crossed, I have an awful figure, and I am very lonely. I have everything I want in the world except love. I am worth six million dollars. But men don't notice me. What can I do?
Ugly Heiress

Dear U.H.,
Cover your face with your bankbook.

Dear Advice Giver,
I do not dance. I do not smoke. I do not drink. I do not go out with men. I suffer from terrible headaches. What's wrong? Pained

Dear Pained,
Your halo is on too tight.

Dear Miss Ann,
I am very beautiful. Wherever I go, men whistle at me. I cannot hold down a job because the men in the office are always whistling at me. I go from one place of employment to the other. They whistle and I'm eventually fired. What can I do?
Gorgeous

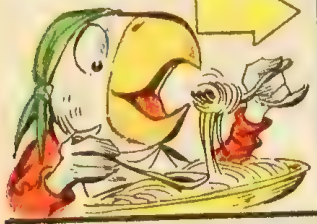
Dear Gorgeous,
Drive a Taxi.

Dear A.O.D.,
I am ready to kill myself. I met a lovely woman who seemed to like me and I entrusted her with everything I had in the world as I believed we were to be married. She's gone now, with my life's savings, my car, my stocks and bonds, and my collection of E.C. mags. So I can't go on living. I can't stand it. How can you stand reading this kind of drivel every single day? Suicide Bent

Dear S. B.,
You're right. I'll meet you on the George Washington bridge tonight. We'll jump together.

VENICE Beckons

YOU'VE PROBABLY *SEEN* POSTERS FOR *THIS* PLACE! YOU KNOW... THE *CITY* WITH *WATER FOR STREETS... LIKE LOSANGELES!* THEY *USUALLY* LOOK AND READ LIKE *SO*. . .



WELL, *DON'T GRAB* YOUR *OUTBOARD MOTOR*, CHUM! *PUT AWAY* YOUR *EAR-PLUGS!* HERE'S *PANIC'S* POSTER! HERE'S THE *REAL RAW DEAL!*

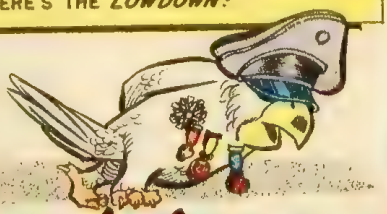
VENICE SICKENS

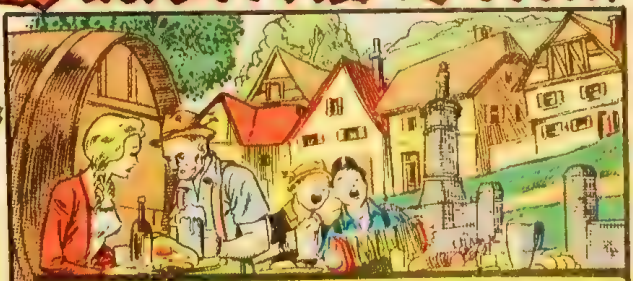
GALL UNDER ITS SMELL!

Wünderbar Berlin

DOESN'T *THIS* POSTER CAPTURE THE FEELING OF *BEER STEINS* AND *KNOCKWÜRST* AND *SAUER-KRAUT*... OF *TUBAS* AND *CONCERTINAS*?

WELL PUT YOUR *SHORT VELVET PANTS* BACK IN THE *DRAWER*, CHUM! STOP *ROLLING* YOUR *R'S*! HERE'S THE *LOWDOWN*!



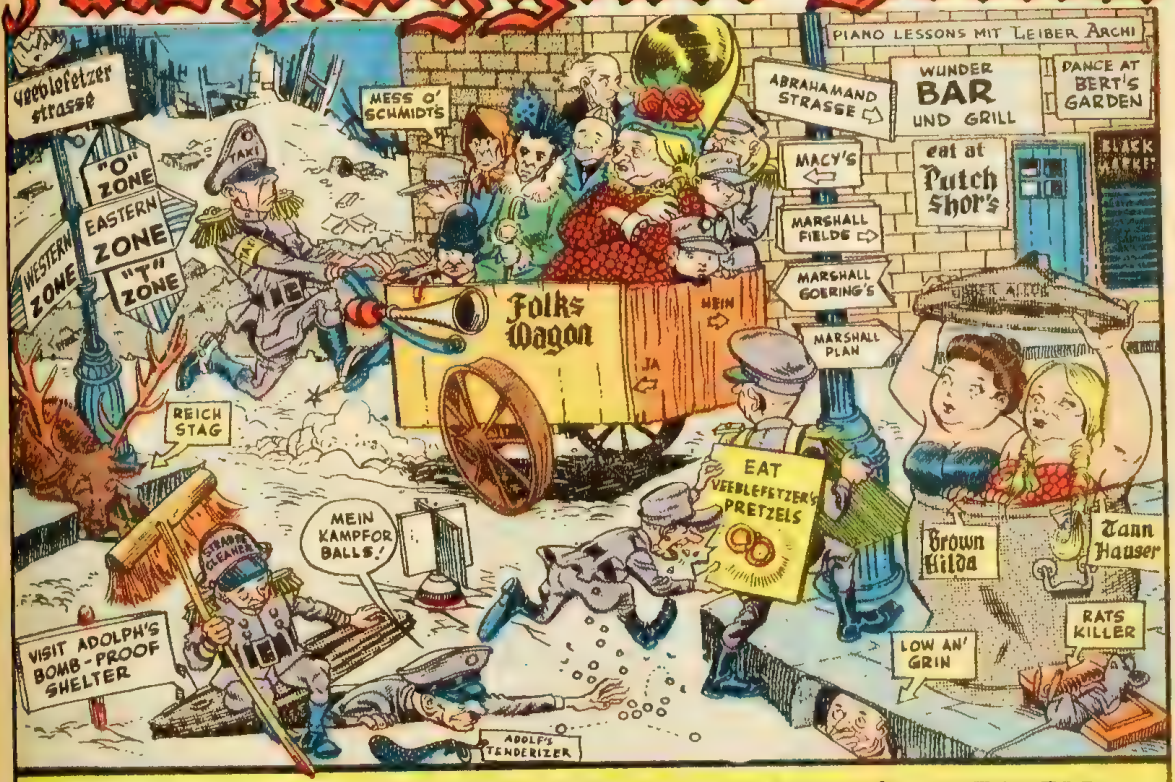


COME AND RELIVE THE OLD WORLD Farbhark OF NARROW, CROOKED STREETS AND GENEROUS, OPEN PEOPLE!

IT'S Grücklich! IT'S Gesmacht!

IN A WORD... IT'S GERMANY!

Fürshluggíner Berlin



COME AND RELIEVE YOURSELF OF YOUR OLD MAN'S WATCHFOB AMONG GENEROUS, OPEN STREETS, AND NARROW, CROOKED PEOPLE!

IT'S FAMISHED... IT'S Fahmisht!

IN A WORD..... IT'S Fermy!

delightful old
LONDON
...THE STATELY HISTORIC OLD CITY THAT ALL WORLD-TRAVELERS DISCUSS. YOU'LL BE THRILLED WITH ITS PARKS AND STATUARY... AND PALACES STEEPED IN TRADITION!
WHELL, OLD BOY! JOLLY OLD ENGLAND, EH WOT? IT DOES SEEM RAHTHER DAZZLING IN THIS POSTER, DOESN'T IT?
WELL, LISTEN, BWAH! ENGLAND AIN'T SO JOLLY! PURE ROT! HERE'S A MUCH MORE DAZZLING PICTURE!
FRIGHTFUL OLD
LONDON
10 UPPING STREET
CHURCH HILL
BIG BEN
LONDON BRIDGES
IPSWICH ON THE FARTHINGAY
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
WHATTA SQUARE
WEATHER REPORT! HOT TODDY! COOL TOMORROW!
I SAY! I DO HOPE WE GET JUST A BIT MORE OF THIS PLEASANT WEATHER BEFORE THE RAINY SEASON SETS IN!
QUITE SO!
POM-POM CIRCUMSTANCE
WELL! IF IT ISN'T SIR WALTER RALLY!
WHAT MAKES OSCAR WILDE?
BATHRING ON THE TUB
WHAT THE...? DICKENS!
UPPERCRUST ON THE LOWER PLATE
I'M YOUR BLIND DATE!
AGAIN I PICK A WILLY!
KNOTTING HAM
TWO BUCKS ON THE NOSE
FIVE POUND NOTE
BUCKING HAM
THAME'S FIGHTIN' WORDS!
Canterbury Tails
PUNCH
LIVER POOL
CRICKET ON THE HEART
... THE SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL CITY THAT DISGUSTS ALL WORLD-TRAVELERS. YOU'LL BE CHILLED BY ITS PUBS AND MORTUARIES... AND PRICES ARE STEEP, IN ADDITION!
FISH N' CHIPS

THEY TALK ABOUT THIS TOWN DURING APRIL...
WELL, DON'T BE AN APRIL FOOL!
IT'S FUN-LOVING PARIS
SEE THE GAY, MAD WHIRL OF THE PARISIEN. SEE ITS ADORABLE BISTROS CONGESTED WITH LIFE. SEE ITS COLORFUL PICTURE-POSTCARD CELLARS. IT'S TRÈS EXCITING!... IT'S QUAINT!
IT'S FUN LEAVING PARIS
SEE THE GRAY, SAD WORLD OF THE PARASITE. SEE ITS DEPLORABLE BEAST-ROWS INFESTED WITH LICE. SEE ITS HAND-COLORED PICTURE-POSTCARD SELLERS.
THEY SAY ITS EXCITING!... IT AIN'T!
PIG ALLEY
LOUVRE, COME BACK TO ME!
MARTIN! "EEK!
PARIS GREEN
PLASTER OF PARIS
POUSSE
MOULIN ROUGE
C'EST SI BONE
MOUSSE
CRAZEE!
THE FRENCH LINE
FRENCH SHOT TOE
FOR D'GAL
BEST STEEL
HELP!
CRAZY? HE'S IN SEINE!
LEFT BANK?
NO! LEFT UPPERCUT!
EYEFUL TOWER

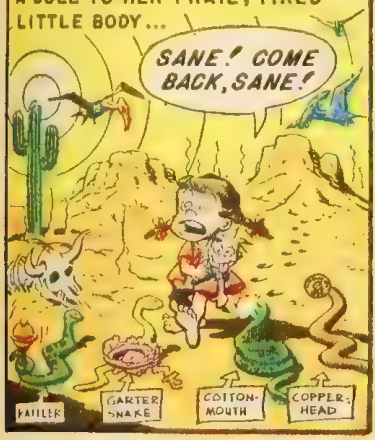
...AND, COMRADE, IF THIS LOOKS GOOD TO YOU...
Come to Exotic MOSCOW
...THE CITY OF MAJESTIC SPIRES AND BEAUTIFUL SKIES. THE AVERAGE MEAN TEMPERATURE IS 62° F. AS FOR THE FOOD, EACH DELICIOUS-TASTING DISH IS BETTER THAN THE LAST!
... BELIEVE US, IT'LL BE MORE LIKE THIS!
Stay away from
DESPOTIC MOSCOW
LIGHTNING AND TUNDRA
SNOW BANK AND TRUST CO.
BUT I TELL YOU I WAS STANDING ON THE CORNER WAITING FOR A COMMISSAR!
TOM MIGS
VARNISHKAS 5 RUBLES
IRON CURTAIN
GEE! THEY REALLY DO HAVE DANCING IN THE STREETS HERE!
POLIT BUREAU
TABLE LENIN
STRICTLY KASHA
RUSSIAN STEPPES
HIC
MOSCOW MULE
THE VULGAR BOATMAN
TROT SKIS
STALIN GRAD
ROCK MANYANOFF
RED SQUARE
SHISHK! A BOB!
DUSTY YUVSKY
KAH SACK
RED TZAR
KARL'S MARKS
VLADIVA'S STOCK
THE END...
THE CITY OF FANTASTIC LIARS AND DUTIFUL SPIES. THE AVERAGE TEMPERATURE IS 26°F... WHICH IS PRETTY MEAN! AS FOR THE FOOD, EACH SUSPICIOUS-TASTING DISH MAY BE YOUR LAST!
6

FANTASTIC DOOM-TYPE MOVIES DEPT. (THE KING KONG FORMULA WITH A SCIENCE-FICTION EXPLANATION DIVISION): EVER SINCE THE *FIRST ATOMIC BOMB* WAS EXPLODED IN 1945, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN *SPECULATING* AS TO *WHICH* NEW DEVELOPMENT WILL *BRING ABOUT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF ALL HUMANITY.* SOME SAY THE *H-BOMB.* SOME SAY *RADIATION.* OTHERS PUT THEIR MONEY ON *TIDAL WAVES.* STILL OTHERS BELIEVE THAT AN *INVASION FROM ANOTHER PLANET* WILL DO THE TRICK. WE OF *PANIC* THINK THAT *MANKIND WILL BE DESTROYED WITH A RASH OF MOVIES LIKE:*

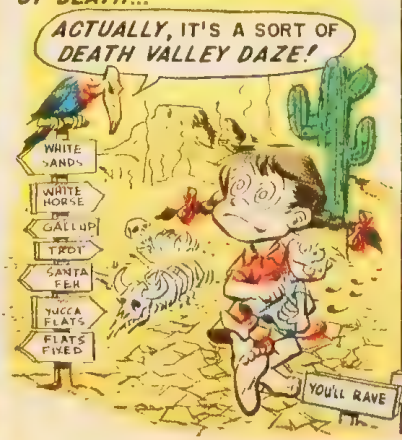
THEM · THERE · THOSE

HOW MANY MISTAKES CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?

IN THE BROILING HEAT OF THE NEW MEXICO SUN, A SMALL GIRL WANDERS AIMLESSLY ACROSS THE VAST DESERT TRACTS, CLUTCHING A DOLL TO HER FRAIL, TIRED LITTLE BODY...



ON HER PALE PEAKED LITTLE FACE, SHE WEARS A *DAZED EXPRESSION,* AS THOUGH SHE HAS JUST COME FROM THE *VALLEY OF DEATH...*



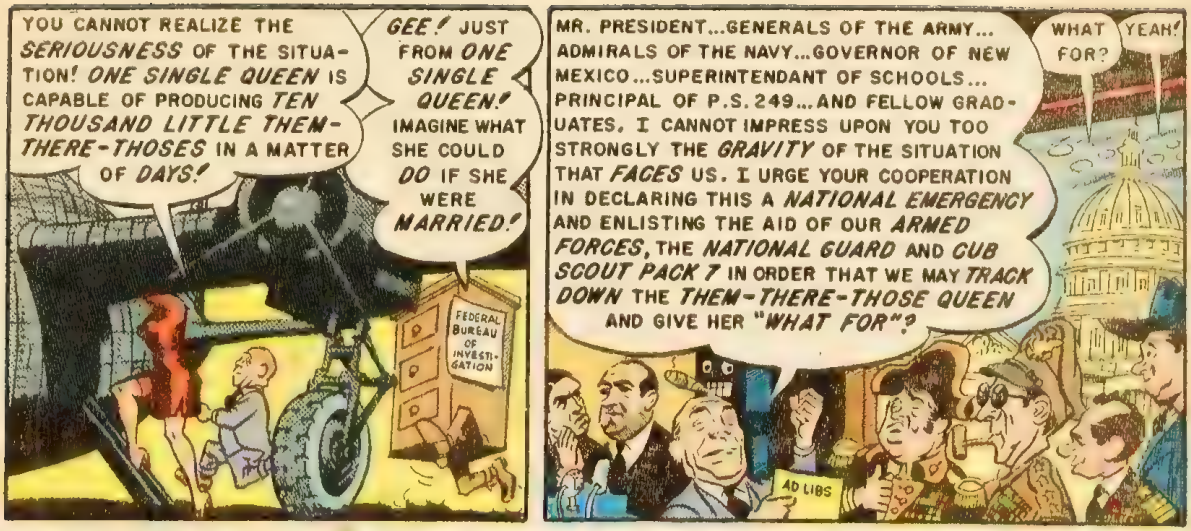
WHILE NEARBY, SGT. JAMES WITLESS OF THE NEW MEXICO DESERT PATROL LURKS WITH HIS QUOTA OF SPEEDING TICKETS...

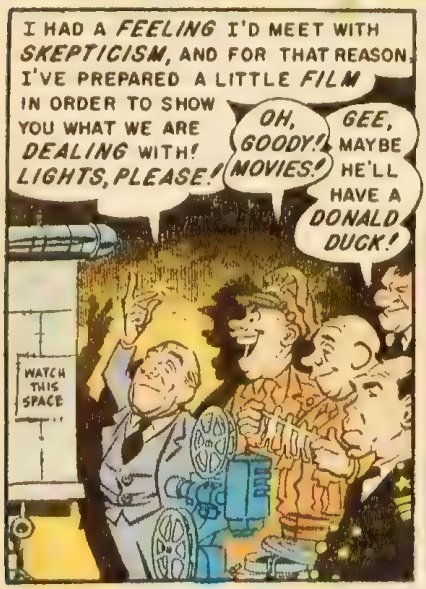
OKAY, GIRLIE! PULL OVER TO THE CURB!
WHERE'S THE FIRE?
LET'S SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
SO YOU WON'T TALK, EH?
CURB YOUR DOG
!MOO
VOO
SCREECH!
HMMM! THIS KID IS IN A COMPLETE STATE OF SHOCK. HER EYES ARE WIDE AND STARING! HER FACE IS PALE AND PERSPIRED! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S OUT OF HER MIND!
OH, THAT EXPLAINS IT! SHE'S WEARING AN E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BUTTON!*
*50¢ FOR MEMBERSHIP KIT! — ED.
CHIEF! I FOUND THIS LITTLE GIRL WANDERING AROUND IN THE DESERT... IN A QUANDRY!
WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WITLESS! DID YOU FIND HER IN A QUANDRY... OR IN A DESERT?
WANTED
SOMEONE WHO KISSED ME!
DIRTY B...
WANTED
CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THIS CHILD IF I MAY. I AM PROFESSOR D.D. TEE, WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON INSECTS! ALSO MOSQUITOS STUFFED WHILE YOU WAIT! I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THIS SPECIAL CASE!
TALKING ABOUT CASES OF SPECIAL, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?
Potrzebie
DEGREE IN ANT BIOTICS
3RD DEGREE
THIS IS A BOTTLE OF FORMIC ACID! I AM NOW GOING TO WAVE THIS BOTTLE UNDER HER NOSE! IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, WE SHOULD SEE SOME STARTLING RESULTS! HERE, CHILD... TAKE A SNIFF!
BEFORE
AFTER
100% PURE
MA-MA!
AH, NOTICE, GENTLEMEN! HER EYELIDS ARE FLUTTERING! THE COLOR IS COMING BACK TO HER CHEEKS, SHE'S SQUIRMING! SHE ...
SHE GRABBED THE BOTTLE! THERE, GENTLEMEN! THAT PROVES MY THEORY! THE KID IS A LUSH!
TALKING ABOUT LUSHES, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?
ZIP
100% PURE
GLUG GLUG
MA-MA MIA!
THEM-THERE-THOSE!
THEM-THERE-THOSE!
THEM-THERE-THOSE!
DOM DA DOM DOMM!
2

CAN'T STAND OVER-ACTING, CAN YOU, ED?
GENTLEMEN! WE ARE FACED WITH SOMETHING SO DEVASTATING, SO DESTRUCTIVE, SO AWFUL, THAT IT MIGHT EASILY SPELL THE END OF ALL HUMANITY...
POOF!
STOOL PIGEON
PROFESSOR! YOU MEAN...?
PRECISELY! A PLAGUE OF GIANT THEM-THERE-THOSES!
OH! I WAS THINKING OF POWER STEERING!
SEE? THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM SETTING OFF THOSE FURSHLUGGINER ATOM BOMBS! THE RADIOACTIVITY OF THE VEEBLEFETZER WAVES HAVE UPSET THE GENETIC CELLS OF NORMAL-SIZED ANTS, CAUSING A MOLECULAR MUTATION OF THE CHROMATIC GENES RESULTING IN A POTRZEBIE ALTERATION IN SIZE! UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND, PROFESSOR!
SO EXPLAIN IT, HUH? TO ME, IT'S ALL GREEK!
PROFESSOR TEE! IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO ALLOW ANY OF THIS INFORMATION TO LEAVE THIS ROOM!
WHA...? WHO SAID THAT?
OH, I'M SORRY, PROF! I GUESS I FORGOT TO INTRODUCE YOU! THIS IS SECRET AGENT K-9 OF THE LOCAL F.B.I. OFFICE!
BULLET-IN BOARD
LINE UP
PLEASE DON'T PUT BUTTS IN THIS POT WE DON'T PUT DIRT IN YOUR ASH TRAYS
PARDON ME FOR NOT EXTENDING MY HAND, PROFESSOR. I'M ON DUTY!
SAY, YOU FELLOWS CERTAINLY ARE CLEVER WITH DISGUISES, AREN'T YOU?
OH, THIS'S NOTHING! I CAN DO A HAT-RACK, TOO! WATCH!
RADIO ACTIVE
GUM
POT R. ZEBIE
POP!
OH, BRAVO! BRAVO!
I SAW HOW HE DONE IT! HE HAD IT UP HIS LEAVES ALL THE TIME!
COOLER
CLAP! CLAP!
GEE, MAN!
OH, HANG IT!
I ALSO DO A STUDIO COUCH, A TYPE-WRITER, A PIN-BALL MACHINE, FRANKY LAINE, JOHNNY RAY, JIMMY DURANTE, ERTHA KITT ...WANNA HEAR?
NOT NOW, K-9! DON'T YOU THINK WE HAVE MATTERS OF A MORE SERIOUS NATURE TO DISCUSS... LIKE WHO'S GOT THE DING-DONG?
DOM DA DOM DOMM!
HAT'S THE SPIRIT!
PANIC
MAD
WEIRD
ANT TROELESS ANT THE LION
KING-SIZE REPRINT

YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! I APOLOGIZE! JUST A SECOND WHILE I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE!
GEE! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO?
THERE! THAT'S BETTER!
POP
OUR HOME
FBI
THE GOVERNMENT HAS KNOWN FOR SOME MONTHS ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THESE THEM-THERE-THOSES, BUT WE DON'T DARE RELEASE THE NEWS TO THE NATION FOR FEAR OF PANIC!
YOU'RE AFRAID THEY'LL LAMPOON IT?
PANIC
F.B.YOU.
YOU, AS THE WORLD'S LEADING ENTOMOLOGIST AND MOSQUITO STUFFER, CAN AID US BY HELPING TO LOCATE THE NEST OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES SO WE CAN WIPE OUT THEM THERE THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE WORLD!
LOOK, ED! AFRICA SPEAKS!
F.B.THEM.
YOU, PROFESSOR TEE, KNOW MORE ABOUT THE HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSE THAN ANY MAN LIVING!
HMMPH! YOU CALL THIS LIVING!?
WOW-WEE-WOO! DIG THE STACKED BROAD!
POP
GEE, MAN!
GIVE
CHARLIE'S ANT
GENTLEMEN! THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, T.N. TEE! SHE IS AN EXPERT IN THE FIELD OF ANT PSYCHOLOGY AND I BELIEVE HER PRESENCE WILL BE OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO US ON THIS FURSHLUGGINER MISSION BECAUSE OF HER VAST KNOWLEDGE...
PROF! SHE COULD COME ALONG IF SHE WAS AN IDIOT! MAH-ROON!
ANTROPOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS
SPRONG
NOW, NOW, LADS! LEAVE US NOT DAUDLE OVER BASER EMOTIONS! SECONDS ARE PRECIOUS! MOMENTS ARE FLEETING! SILENCE IS GOLDEN! TIME IS MONEY! PIGS IS PIGS!
...BOYS WILL BE BOYS!
ANT CHOVIES ANT TIPASTO
TILT
BEE, PROFESSOR! FROM UP HERE, THOSE PEOPLE LOOK LIKE LITTLE BUGS CRAWLING AROUND DOWN THERE!
THEY ARE BUGS, NITWIT... WE HAVEN'T TAKEN OFF YET!
PAIR O' SHOOTS
F. B.
ANTS IN YOUR PLANTS

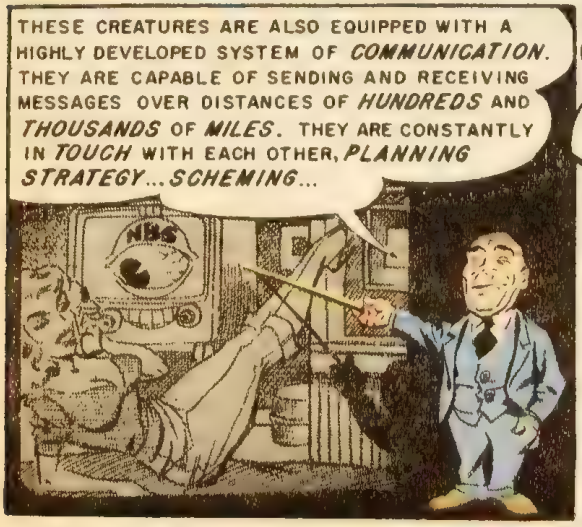
LOOK! THERE'S A THEM-THERE-THOSE NOW! AND THAT MUST BE THE NEST WE'RE LOOKING FOR... THAT CONE-SHAPED HILL WITH THE HOLE IN IT!
...AND I THOUGHT IT WAS THE 18TH GREEN AT BURNING TREE!
CENSORED
PUDDEM UP!
GRAB
10!!#%¢@
THIS SPACE FOR RENT
TO CLUB HOUSE
TO WHITE HOUSE
PLEASE REPLACE DIVOTS
AWRITE! YOU BOT' KNOW DA RULES! WHEN I HOLLER "BREAK", I EXPECK BOT' O' YOUSE T' BREAK CLEAN. AN' I DON' WANNA SEE NO RABBIT PUNCHIN' OR HITTIN' BELOW DA MANDIBLES. ENNY QUESTIONS?
YEAH! WHAT'S A MAN-DIBLE?
SUPPOSIN A RABBIT PUNCHES US FOIST?
THE LIFE OF ANT ODD LINCOLN
WHILE YOU BOYS ARE WIPING OUT THE THEM-THERE-THOSES, I'LL TRY TO CONTACT PRESIDENT MONROE ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE!
PRESIDENT MONROE?! HEY, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!
THAT'S A WALKY-TALKY?
SO WHAT? IT'S SCIENCE FICTION, AIN'T IT?
WALKIE TALKIE
LISTEN, BUSTER! YOU BELONG TO YOUR FAN CLUB, AND I'LL BELONG TO MINE!
CHARTER MEMBER MONROE FAN CLUB
JANUARY
NOW, BOYS, MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM THEM-THERE-THOSES! IF THE FLAME-THROWERS DON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT, TRY THE MAGNESIUM BOMBS! AND IF THEY DON'T WORK, TRY THE CYANIDE GAS. AND IF THAT DON'T WORK... TRY FLIT!
QUICK, HENRY...
OH, SHUT UP AND LIGHT YOUR RONSON!
ANTS I HAVE KNOWN
ANT TRANCE
ANIT
YEOW!
6@#?*!!
LISTEN, T.N.! THERE GO THE FLAME-THROWERS! JUST HEAR THEM THERE THOSE CREATURES SCREAM IN AGONY!
SO'S YER ANT WILLY
DANGER E.D. FAN CLUB MEETING TODAY
WELL, WE WIPED OUT ALL OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES, PROFESSOR... BUT WE COULDN'T FIND THE QUEEN! I... HATE TO BE A SNITCHER, BUT HER BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN ALL NIGHT!
JUST AS I FEARED! OH, THIS IS A HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE! QUICK! WE MUST FLY TO WASHINGTON!
INFLAMMABLE
TELL BELLAFONTE
5


YOU CANNOT REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION! ONE SINGLE QUEEN IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING TEN THOUSAND LITTLE THEM-THERE-THOSES IN A MATTER OF DAYS!
GEE! JUST FROM ONE SINGLE QUEEN! IMAGINE WHAT SHE COULD DO IF SHE WERE MARRIED!
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
MR. PRESIDENT...GENERALS OF THE ARMY... ADMIRALS OF THE NAVY...GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO...SUPERINTENDANT OF SCHOOLS... PRINCIPAL OF P.S. 249...AND FELLOW GRADUATES, I CANNOT IMPRESS UPON YOU TOO STRONGLY THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION THAT FACES US. I URGE YOUR COOPERATION IN DECLARING THIS A NATIONAL EMERGENCY AND ENLISTING THE AID OF OUR ARMED FORCES, THE NATIONAL GUARD AND CUB SCOUT PACK 7 IN ORDER THAT WE MAY TRACK DOWN THE THEM-THERE-THOSE QUEEN AND GIVE HER "WHAT FOR"?
WHAT FOR?
YEAH!
AD LIBS


I HAD A FEELING I'D MEET WITH SKEPTICISM, AND FOR THAT REASON, I'VE PREPARED A LITTLE FILM IN ORDER TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE ARE DEALING WITH! LIGHTS, PLEASE!
OH, GOODY! MOVIES!
GEE, MAYBE HE'LL HAVE A DONALD DUCK!
WATCH THIS SPACE

THESE GIANT THEM-THERE-THOSES EACH HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN. THIS SPECIMEN, USUALLY FOUND ON BEACHES AND UNDER BOARDWALKS, HAS BEEN KNOWN TO RENDER HELPLESS UP TO 22 MEN IN A SINGLE DAY...

...HERE WE SEE ONE OF THEM IN THE ACT OF SUCCESSFULLY PICKING UP AN OBJECT NEARLY THREE TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT. AND NOTICE... NO HANDS!


THESE CREATURES ARE ALSO EQUIPPED WITH A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SYSTEM OF COMMUNICATION. THEY ARE CAPABLE OF SENDING AND RECEIVING MESSAGES OVER DISTANCES OF HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER, PLANNING STRATEGY... SCHEMING...
NBS

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT'S WHAT A THEM-THERE THOSE LOOKS LIKE?
OF COURSE NOT! BUT WHO'S GONNA SIT THROUGH PICTURES OF A BUNCH OF FURSHLUGGINER ANTS!?
LET'S START LOOKING FOR THAT QUEEN RIGHT AWAY!
SEE IF SHE'S GOT A FRIEND FOR ME!

AH...ALONE AT LAST, T.N. THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO SPEAK TO YOU... TO TELL YOU HOW MADLY AND PASSIONATELY IN LOVE I AM WITH YOU!
IT'S NO USE, K-9. YOU'RE A NICE GUY AND ALL THAT, BUT... WELL, YOU'RE JUST NOT MY TYPE!
LIFE IN THE ANT ARCTIC
120 WHATS?
I CAN CHANGE, T.N! LOOK! I'VE ALREADY CHANGED! I CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT! JUST TELL ME WHICH TYPE YOU LIKE, MY BELOVED... SHORT AND FAT?
TALL AND THIN?
BIG AND MUSCULAR?
POP
AN ANT-THOLOGY OF ANT-ECEDENTS
IF YOU MUST KNOW, BUSTER... I LIKE 'EM PLUMP AND JUICY!
GOOD LORD! YOU! YOU'RE THE QUEEN OF THEM THERE THEM-THERE-THOSES!
MUNCH!
A.C. E.C.
ALTHOUGH I LOVE YOU, T.N., I MUST DESTROY YOU! IT IS MY DUTY! THIS IS GOING TO HURT ME MORE THAN IT WILL YOU!
OH, CAN THE MUSH, AND GET ON WITH THE FURSHLUGGINER WIND-UP GAG! CHANGE INTO A SHOE, ALREADY!
FREE HOME DEMON-STRATION
NO MONEY DOWN- NO PAY-MENTS
POP
BZZZ
AS A NINE-FOOT SHOE, I WILL BE ABLE TO STEP ON YOU AND SQUASH YOU INTO AN OOOEY GOOOEY PULP...LIKE THIS...
YOU KNOW, THEY'RE NOT MAKING COMICS LIKE THEY USED TO...
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
NO! NO! STOP! WAIT! DON'T! YOU DON'T REALIZE THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCE OF WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DO!
SORRY, PROF... BUT EVEN IF SHE IS YOUR OWN DAUGHTER, THIS KID'S GOT TO GO!
SQUISH!
DAUGHTER! SHMAUGHTER! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU STEP ON AN ANT, IT'S GONNA RAIN?
...AN' I JUST HAD MY CAR WASHED!
DOM DA DOM DOMM!
MOTHER COME HOME ANT AND UNCLE ARE HERE
THE ANT
7

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Keys, Master
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Locks
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Luminous Items
Magic
Magnetic Items
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Rackets
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Skeletons
Skirts, Hula
Skull Novelties
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Snake Novelties
Sneezing Items
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